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Men Who Made Good

By

JOHN T. FARIS

Author of "Making Good," "Winning Their Way," "Winning the Oregon Country," etc.

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Foreword

THOSE who turn to the table of contents of "Men Who Made Good" may wonder at the presence of the names of men who have been known only to a limited circle. It was not the author's desire to give only biographies of famous men. The lives of many men of comparatively little note are so full of what is helpful and stimulating that those who have not the opportunity to study them suffer distinct loss. Ex-President Eliot of Harvard University never did a wiser thing than when he published his modest little "Life of John Gilley." Readers were tempted to smile when they learned that the subject of the book had been an unknown pioneer on a rocky New England island. No apology was offered for writing a book about him but these words in the preface: "Not one human being in ten million is really long remembered. . . . History and biography alike neglect these humble, speechless multitudes, for most of whom the enjoyments, interests and duties of this world are as real and absorbing as they would be if they could imagine they were long to be remembered on this earthly stage." We need to learn more of the struggling John Gilleys about us everywhere.

Again, readers may wonder why the stories of several men who were reared in homes of comfort or even wealth are included in this volume. But why do we think that all who struggle against adverse conditions must inevitably be children of poverty? The words of this newspaper paragraph deserve wide publicity: "It is quite the custom to sing the praises of the poor boy who rises by his own exertions to a strong and useful life. He deserves praise, yet think of the stimulus he has for exertion! But the son of rich and indulgent parents, who shakes off the soft chains of luxury and makes his life hard with self-denying toil, so that he grows up to spend himself in the service of God and men—is he not worthy of even higher praise?"

Most of the strugglers whose stories are here told were Americans who lived in recent years. But there are representatives from other lands and other days. It is just as well to remind ourselves that our own time and our own country have had no monopoly in the production of men who climb over obstacles to the highest success. In every age and in every land there are those who prove the truth of Emerson's words:

"The Hero is not fed on sweets;
Daily his own heart he eats;
Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails."

J. T. F.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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Artists

I

From Peasant's Home to King's Palace

How Ole Bull Mastered the Violin

THE fact that musicians are born, not made, never had a better illustration than in Ole Bull, the Norse violinist, who was born in February, 1810. When he was three years of age his Uncle Jens would sometimes place him in his violoncello case, promising him sweetmeats if he would remain in absolute quiet while the musician played. But—as the man knew would be the case—the thought of the candy could not keep him quiet long. The eyes kindled, and the little feet began to beat time. At last his nervous excitement prevented him from staying longer in the case. The music was dancing all through him, and he must give it utterance. Running home, he would seize the yardstick, and with another small stick for a bow, endeavour to imitate what his uncle had played.

For a time Ole was required to go to bed on the occasion of the weekly "quartet evenings" given in the home by his uncle and three other members of the family who were musical. But the boy's hunger for music was so great that, forgetful of penalties, he would steal from his room and hide himself somewhere within sound of the instruments.

To his great joy, when he was five years old, his uncle gave him a little yellow violin. Then he showed how music had taken possession of him, for he played it at once, without any instruction.

The folk tales of the Norseland made a deep impression on him, and he early learned to interpret these by means of the violin. The quality of his work was influenced also by the grandeur of the scenery in which he lived. To him trees, rocks, waterfalls, mountains, all spoke a language which demanded expression through the strings of his instrument; he turned everything into music. "When, in early childhood, playing alone in the meadow, he saw a delicate bluebell moving in the breeze, he fancied he heard the bell ring, and the grass accompanying it with most enrapturing fine voices."

This ability to hear Nature sing never left him. When he was more than fifty years old he wrote to his son:

"I hope the lowland by the lake looks well with its crop of oats. Their movement is so light and billowy as they are swayed by the wind that they remind me of—[here he noted the measure of which he was reminded]—and they break the monotony of a space without trees near the water."

After a while the youthful genius was permitted to attend the family concerts, and a teacher was engaged for him. A larger violin was bought from a travelling Frenchman, but too late in the day for trial, so the father thought. Reluctantly Ole went to bed. What followed made such a deep impression that, when he told of the occurrence in later life, he was most graphic:

"I could not sleep for thinking of my new violin. When I heard father and mother breathing deep, I rose softly, and lighted a candle and in my night clothes did go on tiptoe to open the case, and take one little peep. The violin was so red, and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it, just a very, very little; and it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I crept further away from the bedrooms. At first I did play very soft. I made very, very little noise. But presently I did begin a capriccio which I did like very much; and it do go ever louder and louder; and I forgot that it was midnight and that everybody was asleep. Presently I heard something go crack! and the next minute I felt my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor, and was broken. I wept much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it next day, but it never recovered its health."

He was fourteen when he begged his grandmother for music more difficult than he had then seen. Finally he was gratified by having something by Paganini placed in his hands. Diligently he practiced it in the summer-house where, as he once laughingly said to an audience, he drove the cats from their food by the sounds he made.

Practice made him ready to attempt greater things. Once, when his trained ear had quivered because of what he thought careless playing by the Tuesday-evening quartet, he tried the score left on his stand by the leader when he went to supper. The leader, discovering him absorbed in his music, called him impudent, and dared him to play the music at sight. Ole accepted the challenge. Then the leader, in a rage, determined to humiliate the volunteer musician. Taking a caprice of Paganini's from the stand, he asked Ole to play. To quote the Norseman:

"Now it happened that this very caprice was my favourite, as the cats well knew. I could play it by heart, and I polished it off. When I had finished they all shouted, and instead of raving as I [illegible] he would, Lundholm was more polite and [illegible] an he had ever been before, and told me [illegible] ith practice I might hope to equal him some day.

For some years the dread of a "curacy in Finland or a mission among the Laps" was ever before him, but a period was put to his studies for the ministry by a failure in examinations precipitated when he took part in an all-night musical festival. Reluctantly his father consented to the abandonment of the career marked out for the musician, who soon became director of the Philharmonic and Dramatic societies. He was then nineteen.

Several public performances provided him with funds for a trip to Paris. He went there in 1831. He was soon reduced to penury. He was weak from lack of food when an old lady, attracted to him by his resemblance to a son who had recently died, took him into her home.

Soon prospects brightened. The way was opened for him to give concerts in Switzerland and Italy. On all sides he was highly praised, until, in Milan, an editor printed a criticism in which he said of the artist:

"He is not master of himself; he has no style; he is an untrained musician. If he be a diamond, he is certainly in the rough and unpolished."

Ole Bull sought the editor and demanded to know the name of the writer. The editor was prepared for an explosion of rage, but Bull, wise beyond his years, said:

"No, I have not come to call the writer to account, but to thank him. The man who wrote that article understands music; but it is not enough to tell me my faults; he must tell me how to rid myself of them."

The interview resulted in his introduction to a singing master who revealed to him the things he needed to know. Friendly criticism, taken in good part, proved the one thing needed to open to him the doors to a rich future.

The concerts were continued, and the enthusiasm of those who listened to him became even greater. Once his way from the hall to the hotel was shown him by a torchlight procession, and his carriage was drawn by the excited people. Again, in Rome, when he performed the four distinct parts on the violin at once—a task never before attempted successfully—the people would have it that he was a magician. This, however, was better than the charge made against him in Paris when he did the same thing: there the people declared that he was a charlatan—that other instruments, hidden behind the curtains, were assisting him.

Everywhere he went the artist was received with delight by the people and their rulers. But his heart was never weaned by public adulation from his home (he had married the granddaughter of the woman who had taken him into her home from the streets of Paris) or from his native land, to which he was ever loyal, as a story told of his visit to King Bernadotte of Sweden illustrates:

"The king remarked that he had written to the [illegible] Russia, that he, too, had his Poles, the [illegible]s; probably forgetting for the moment [illegible]ality of his listener. Ole Bull replied with warmth: 'Can your majesty mention a single instance in which my countrymen have not proved themselves law-abiding and loyal subjects?' 'Your remark, sir, is out of place.' 'If my remark is out of place, your majesty, I myself am out of place, and will take my leave.' 'Remain, sir!' cried Bernadotte, extending his hand with a commanding gesture. 'No, sire! I will see if a Norseman is free in the palace of the King of Sweden!' and the artist bowed low as he retired. Instantly the cloud lifted, and, with a winning smile and courteous words, the king said, 'I pray you, sir, to remain; it is the duty of a prince to hear the opinions of his people.'"

When the musician left the presence of the king, whose heart he had won during the brief interview, Bernadotte said, "You will not refuse an old man's blessing?"

The man who was not afraid to stand up against a king was like a child in his readiness to help. One evening, when he was very weary after a concert, there was a knock at his door. When it was opened there stood Engebret Soot, known throughout Norway both because of his gigantic stature and for his wild and passionate nature which could be subdued only by music. "I am come too late for your concert, and I want you to get up and play for me now," was the greeting. Ole Bull pleaded that he was weary; would not the visitor return next day? "But I have travelled ninety miles to-day to hear you, and I must be in Aremark to-morrow. You must play for me now, Ole Bull."

And Ole Bull played for him, sitting on the side of his bed, moving the giant at will to tears or laughter, and continuing the music in spite of weariness, till he had given him more than those received who had paid to enter the concert hall.

The kind heart of the Norseman led him to respond to many such demands. In 1843 he paid his first visit to the United States, where, from the cities of the East to the towns of the Mississippi Valley, his name soon became a household word. In New York, he invited all the inmates of the Asylum for the Blind to attend a concert, saying in his note of invitation: "It would be my greatest desire to be able for the moment to make you forget that you are unable to enjoy the beauty of the flowers." Once, in Lexington, Kentucky, when he learned by a letter from Henry Clay that the statesman had been unable to hear him the night before on account of illness, he went to Mr. Clay's home, and, without being announced, began to play in a room near the bedchamber of the master of the house. "That must be Ole Bull!" the listener cried, enraptured.

This first tour in America was remarkably successful. In the United States, Canada and the West [Indies he travelled more than one hundred thousand miles. More than two hundred concerts were given, which netted over eighty thousand dollars. In addition he gave twenty thousand dollars' worth of concerts to charitable institutions, and paid fifteen thousand dollars to assisting musicians. These figures were remarkable at that time.

After another triumphant series of tours in Europe, Ole Bull returned to America in 1852. While here he bought a tract of one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land in Pennsylvania, which he planned as the home of a large colony of Norwegians. Most of his fortune was expended in the purchase and in the building of houses on the land. Then concerts were given to raise more money for the project. When in San Francisco he learned that the title to the land was defective, and that the eight hundred settlers were in danger of losing their homes. He had been victimized by a swindler. From the real owners of the land he repurchased enough to protect those who had made their homes on the tract. Then he gave himself feverishly to his concert work, hoping to retrieve his fortunes. Ill health and the persecution of the swindlers and their associates, whom he was suing at law, almost broke him down. Again and again his violin was attached, but always he was able to secure its release, and he was always patient. Once, when James Gordon Bennet offered him the columns of the New York *Herald* to reply to those who were attacking him in print, he answered: "I tink, Mr. Benneett, it is best tey writes against me, and I plays against tem."

Two more visits were paid to the United States. He loved the country and its people. But he loved his own land most of all. He delighted to call himself, "Ole Olsen Viol, Norse Norman from Norway."

It was his hope that he might die in his native land, and his wish was granted. In June, 1880, he returned to his home on the island of Lysö, a stricken man, and there, a few days later, he died.

The body was escorted to Bergen by sixteen steamers. As the fleet came into port, "the harbour and shipping were covered with flags of all nations, at half-mast, the whole world paying its last tribute to a genius which the world had learned to know and love." The shops of the city were closed. The people were mourning in the streets for him of whom Longfellow wrote:

> "And when he played the atmosphere
> Was filled with magic, and the ear
> Caught echoes of that Harp of God,
> Whose music had so weird a sound,
> The hunted stag forgot to bound,
> The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
> The birds came down from bush and tree,
> The dead came back from beneath the sea,
> The maiden to the harper's knee."

II

A Man Who Was True to His Ideals

The Rough Road Travelled by François Millet

IN the home of the peasant Millet at Gruchy, in the province of la Manche, France, a boy to whom was given the name François was born October 4, 1814. His parents were poor, and—as he was the oldest son of a large family—he soon learned the meaning of hard work. He did not have the opportunity to go to school long, but was set to work in the fields. "He sowed and reaped the corn, thrashed and winnowed the grain, mowed the grass and turned the hay, ploughed the ground and tended the flock along the seashore." After every storm it was his duty to gather seaweed left on the beech by the receding water, as his father depended on this as the fertilizer for his small farm.

It was soon realized that the peasant boy was different from other children. When he was four or five he told his father that when he became a man he would "make pictures of men." But no one thought that his evident love of nature and his unusual seriousness foreshadowed the fulfillment of the prophecy.

One day he found some old engravings in the family Bible. These he studied intently, then took his pencil and tried to make pictures of various objects. "During the noonday rest, while his father slumbered on a couch at his side, François studied the landscape from the window," his biographer writes. "He sketched the garden and the stakes, the sheep and the cattle that were feeding in the pastures and the fields, with their wide horizon of sea and sky. Often Jean Louis, waking from his sleep, would get up and take a peep at the drawing on which the boy was engaged and return softly to his place without disturbing him, well pleased to see this new development of his son's power."

Yet there was no thought of making him an artist until one Sunday when he was about eighteen. "That day as he came back from church, the bent figure of an aged peasant who was going slowly home struck his fancy, and taking up a piece of charcoal he drew an exact likeness of the old man on the wall." The work was so well done that the father felt it would be wrong to make of his son a farmer. After a family conclave he called François and said:

"I see that this idea has taken hold of you. I should like to have sent you long ago to learn this trade of a painter, which people say is such a fine thing, but it was impossible. You are the oldest of my boys, and I could not do without you; but now that your brothers are growing up, I will no longer hinder you from learning what you are so anxious to know. We will go to Cherbourg and see if you really have enough talent to be able to earn a living."

The Cherbourg artist who was shown a sample of François' work at first refused to believe that it had been done by the boy before him; he insisted that it was the work of one who had received much training. When, at length, he was convinced, he told the father he had wronged his son by keeping him so long at the plough, as he had in him the making of a great painter. Gladly the artist agreed to take the peasant boy as a pupil.

For a time François' talent developed. Then his father died, and he felt it was his duty to return home and care for the family. A little while he managed the farm faithfully, though his heart was not in his work. Then inquiries came from Cherbourg as to the promising artist; he was promised profitable commissions if he would return. His grandmother told him it was his duty to accept. "We must bow to the will of God," she said. "Your father said you were to be a painter. Obey him and go back to Cherbourg."

When his master at Cherbourg felt that the talents of the budding artist demanded more advanced instruction than he could give, he appealed to the town council to help his pupil to study in Paris. He assured them that the lad—the eldest of eight children under age—was without resources, "except his religious tone of art, high character, and excellent education, together with the esteem in which his family is held."

The council responded by making a grant of six hundred francs a year. The grant was paid for one year only; the second year it was cut in half; the third year it ceased altogether. But the offer was enough to give Millet courage to go to Paris. There he remained, in spite of hardships due to his penniless condition.

When he left home his grandmother said to him, "Remember the virtues of your ancestors. Remember how I promised for you that you would renounce the devil and all his works, and know, my dear child, that I had rather hear that you were dead than that you had been unfaithful to the laws of God."

He wrote afterwards of his thoughts as he took the road to the city: "I thought all the time of my mother and grandmother, deprived of the help of my youth and strong arm. It gave me a pang to think of them left weak and toiling at home, when I might have been the staff of their old age; but their hearts were too full of motherly love for them to allow me to give up my profession for their sakes."

In Paris almost the first thing that impressed the youth from the country was the artificial life of the people and the unworthy work done by the artists. He was sick at heart, but he resolved that he would not prostitute his talent as others were doing. He said, "There were moments when I had a great wish to leave Paris and to return to my own village, so tired was I of the lonely life that I led. I saw no one; I did not speak to a soul, and I hardly dared ask a question of any one, so great was my fear of ridicule, and yet people never troubled themselves about me. I had the awkwardness which I have never lost, and which still distresses me when I am obliged to speak to a stranger, or make the simplest inquiry. I had a great mind to walk my ninety leagues at a stretch, and say to my family, 'I have come home, and have given up painting.' But the Louvre had taken hold of me; I went back there and felt comforted."

He made up his mind that the way to repay his mother and grandmother for their sacrifices in his behalf was to make the best use of his opportunities. He studied hard. When his pension was discontinued, he sought work. To his master he proposed to draw figures of men at work in the fields —"a man mowing, or raking hay, for instance," he explained. The master said it was a fine idea, but added that the picture would never sell. If he wanted to be successful, he must paint such pictures as the people wanted—pictures from which his country breeding revolted. Millet was overpersuaded, and began to do work of which he was ashamed.

But sales were few and prices were small. Many a time the artist was hungry. "When everything else failed, he painted portraits for five or ten francs, and as soon as the money was paid down hastened to get a meal at the nearest restaurant. In those days he breakfasted on a roll and a glass of water, and as often as not had to go without his dinner; but he never complained and never begged."

When he was twenty-six he was married to a young woman of Cherbourg whose portrait he had been commissioned to paint. At the wedding dinner, his grandmother said to him:

"Remember, my François, that you are a Christian before you are a painter, and never devote so fine a calling to the enemies of religion. Never sacrifice on the altar of Baal. Remember the great saints who painted pictures, and follow their example."

To this he replied:

"Even if they cover the canvas with gold and ask me to paint a 'St. Francis possessed by the devil,' I will promise you never to consent."

For four years more the struggle with poverty continued. Then the wife died. A year later Millet was married a second time, to a simple village maid, who became the inspiration of his life. "She was barely eighteen and had never left her village home; but she had a heart of gold and a courage beyond her years, and she gladly devoted her whole life to the man whom she loved. During the next thirty years this brave and loyal wife was Millet's faithful companion and helpmeet. Her devotion was his best comfort in the trials of his future life. The world is perhaps hardly yet aware how much it owes to Catharine Millet."

Success came slowly. In 1848 the artist had several canvases exhibited at the Salon. Artistic Paris was talking of the genius who had painted them. But during the exhibition the painter and his wife were actually without food or fire-wood in their lonely garret. They had not uttered a word of complaint, they did not beg now; but a neighbour discovered their pitiable plight, and sent word to some of their friends. One kind-hearted artist hastened to the office of M. Ledres, who, as minister of the Interior, was at the head of the Administration of Fine Arts, and obtained a grant of one hundred francs, which he took at once to Millet's lodging. It was a cold evening towards the end of March. The painter was sitting on a box in his studio, shivering with cold; there was no fire in the room and no bread in the house.

When the money was put in his hands, he said:

"Thank you! It has come in time. We have not eaten anything for two days. But the great thing is that the children should not suffer; they at least have had food until now."

Later in the year—just when success seemed to be his—Millet overheard two young men commenting on one of his pictures in a dealer's window. They spoke of him as a master at the sort of painting that was suited to the depraved tastes of Parisians. Their words were a shock to Millet. "He thought of his old aspirations, of his grandmother at home, of the fields where he had ploughed and sowed with his father, and vowed that, come what might, he would be true to his ideals. Whether for profit or for renown, he would do no more of the devil's work." He went home and said to his wife:

"If you consent, I will paint no more of those pictures. Life will be harder than ever, and you will suffer; but I shall be free and able to do what I have long dreamt of."

The brave woman replied: "I am ready. Do as you will."

"So the great decision was made," says the artist's biographer. "From that moment he turned his back resolutely on the past and entered on a new course."

Almost immediately Millet left Paris for the village of Barbizon, thirty-four miles from Paris. There he began the real work of his life. For twelve years he had struggled in Paris. He had not been true to the ideals of his youth, but throughout the years he had looked forward to the day when he could return to them. "But those years of struggle and effort had not been all in vain," his biographer writes. "The artist had served his apprenticeship and learnt his lesson well. He had mastered the technical side of painting, and had laid a firm hold on the great and abiding principles which are the foundation of all true art. And now he was to apply those principles to those types of human life which had been present to his mind from his early youth. The lessons which he had learnt at his grandmother's knee, when the little birds sang in the old elm tree, had sunk into his mind as he followed the plough at his father's side, and were henceforth to be his theme and the inspiration of his art."

As an eighteen-year-old boy he had drawn a figure of a bent peasant on his way home from church. At thirty-four he began to paint people as he saw them at their toil. Among early Barbizon canvases were "A Woman Crushing Flax," "A Peasant and His Wife Going to Work in the Fields," "Gatherers of Wood in the Forest." He was criticized for choosing such subjects. Dealers said the pictures would not sell. If he would paint peasants, why not paint the beautiful figures among them? Why not paint them at their recreations?

To his most intimate friend the artist wrote in his own defense: "Peasant-subjects suit my nature best, for I must confess . . . that the human side is what touches me most in art, and that if I could only do what I like, or at least attempt to do it, I would paint nothing that was not the result of an impression received directly from nature, whether in landscape or in figures. . . . The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which are so delicious, both in the forest and in the cultivated fields, whether the soil is good for culture or not. You will confess that it always gives you a very dreamy sensation; and that the dream is a sad one, though often very delicious."

His biographer calls his work at Barbizon an "epic of labour." "He knew, as few masters have ever known, how to put a whole world of thought into an individual action, how to express the lives and characters of bygone generations in a single gesture; and with true poetic insight he makes us realize the deeper meaning that lies hidden below the eternal destiny of the human race, the age-long struggle of man with nature, which will endure while seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, follow each other upon the face of the earth."

Recognition came slowly. It was not an easy matter to change recognized standards of what was fitting in art. But Millet—supported by his noble wife—did not swerve from the path which he had marked out for himself. He had promised her he would be true to his ideals, and true to his ideals he was to the end of his life—in spite of criticism, poverty, hardship of many kinds. He painted "The Sower," and rejoiced when it found its way to America, where it was more appreciated than at home. He painted a "Woman Feeding Hens on the Steps of the House," and took courage when he received for this the munificent sum of 2,000 francs. He painted "The Gleaners,"—one of his greatest canvases—and heard with sorrow the criticism of the worst of his opponents that the three poor women represented were "dangerous beasts of prey, whose angry gestures threatened the very existence of society."

"They may do their worst," he said. "I have ventured all on one stake, and have risked my neck, and I do not mean to draw back now. I stand firm. They may call me a painter of ugliness, a detractor of my race, but let no one think they can force me to beautify peasant-types. I would rather say nothing than express myself feebly. Give me sign-boards to paint, yards of canvas, if you will, to cover by the piece like a house-painter, and let me work, if need be, as a mason, but at least let me think out my subjects in my own fashion, and finish the work that I have to do in peace."

The wonderful "Angelus" followed. He felt it was his best work. Yet the man who had ordered it was disappointed, and refused to take it. Two months later it was sold for 2,500 francs.

For seventeen years more Millet struggled with his critics, with the almost constant headache—the consequence of his Parisian struggles, with poverty so great that he had to paint signs for bread. Some fame came to him before his death, on January 20, 1875. A few connoisseurs realized that his work would some day be in demand. But he was resting in his grave in the forest when finally his genius was popularly recognized.

During the next ten years the prices of Millet's canvases soared. "The Angelus reached the figure of £8,000. Small pastels and drawings which he had sold for a few pounds were bought for as many hundreds, and collectors readily paid £20 or £30 for proofs of etchings which were to be had for half a franc in his lifetime." Twelve years after his death there was in Paris a great exhibition of his paintings. "All Paris crowded to see the once-despised and rejected works. Unfortunately many of the most famous pictures were missing—they had already crossed the Atlantic, and found a home in the country where Millet's worth had been long ago appreciated."

The volatile French people of the capital sought to make amends for their long neglect and their criticism. The very papers that had denounced him most vigorously were loudest in his praise. "Let us forget Millet's sufferings, and think only of his glory!" an editor said. On the catalogue of the paintings in the exhibition was printed the motto, "Victory should be merciful." One comment made on this late recognition was:

"So the cripple Justice, hobbling along on her crutches, arrives at last, and with a mournful smile lays her crown on the brows of the dead."

In 1889 the Angelus was put up at auction. After spirited bidding it was finally sold to an American for 552,000 francs. The canvas was exhibited in America, and was then resold in France for £32,000—more than three hundred times the amount originally paid to Millet.

There was one picture which Millet dreamed of painting, but he never felt able to undertake this. It was to illustrate the text: "There was no room for them in the inn." He did leave behind him a drawing of Christ on the cross, and a study of the Resurrection. There is in these such beauty and power that lovers of art dream of what he might have accomplished in depicting Bible subjects if he had lived a few years longer.

As the lover of Millet's work visits Cherbourg and sees the statue of the artist in the market-place, overlooking the sea, he thinks with gratitude of this man who had a definite ideal, a worthy ideal, and who remained true to his ideal in the face of difficulties which would have driven many another from the path of duty. A sight of that statue is an inspiration to more earnest living.

III

How Perseverance Won

The Marvellous Story of Bernard Palissy

ABOUT the year 1510, in the village of La Chapelle Biron, France, a boy was born who was to give to the world an object lesson in perseverance which has few parallels. The fact that the efforts that caused him and his family so much pain were needless does not lessen the value of his life story, but makes that story more tragic and impresses it more forcibly.

His name was Bernard Palissy. In his early years he was not different from his companions; his parents, like theirs, were poor, and it was necessary for him to do what he could to help them. Then he very soon came to understand that any advantages he secured must be the fruit of his own strenuous exertion.

Any adequate schooling was out of the question, but he determined that he must have an education. Eagerly he laid his hands on every one of the few books of which the village boasted, and mastered their contents. He supplied the lack of books by turning to the open book of nature. As he wandered in the fields or among the trees or by the water-courses he kept his eyes open, and beheld wonderful things in plant and tree, in stone and soil, in insect, reptile, bird and animal. "I have had no other book than the sky and the earth, known to all," was the boast he made in later life. His observation was so accurate and his memory and logical powers became so great as a consequence of training that it was a comparatively simple matter to secure and retain a working knowledge of chemistry, geology and botany.

From his father, who was a painter of stained glass, he learned draughtsmanship and the art of mixing colours. Refusing to confine himself to the subjects for painting made familiar by his father's work, he delved into history and mythology for inspiration. Sometimes he chose to represent reptiles, fish, insects, shells and plants. Later, when he turned from the painting of glass to the decorating of pottery, he was accustomed to make casts of objects and transfer to the plates, vases, ewers and other pieces, life-size reproductions which were, of course, so accurate that his patrons were astonished.

Many specimens of his skill have been preserved in various museums in France. These are valued, not so much for their great beauty, as for the strange characters of the decorations and the story of their maker's long struggle to discover the secret of glazing the ware.

Palissy knew how to use the potter's wheel, and so was able to fashion vessels of the plainer sort. But it became his dream to add to these a fine white enamel that would rival the enamel on a vase from Italy which one day came into his hands. He knew something of the mysteries of firing china, but he did not know the secret of the enamel. It was useless to think of going to Italy to learn the secret; he had not the money for the trip, and he knew he might be unable to learn the secret even if he could get to Italy. Yet the secret he must have. He would devote the toil of years to learn it.

The story of his long series of experiments was later given to the world in his autobiography, which has been called one of the most remarkable documents of its kind. A student, after reading the story in the original, summarized it thus:

"Year after year, through a succession of utter failures, and almost without a gleam of hope, he laboured on, working often blindly and at random in search for the secret of the white enamel. Almost starving for want of food, his wife in rags, bitterly and not unreasonably reproaching him for his cruelty, Palissy struggled for nearly sixteen years before success came."

A beginning was made by the purchase of a quantity of various drugs, chosen almost blindly. The powdered drugs were laid on broken pieces of pottery; these were burned in an oven which, though he could ill afford it, was built for the purpose. The experiment was a failure.

Other drugs were tried. The intensity of the heat and the length of the time of heating were varied. But there was no result—the pieces of pottery came from the furnace without the desired enamel.

Efforts were continued at home until no more fuel could be obtained. Then a potter in a neighbouring village was persuaded to give his aid. Palissy carried to him the pottery to be burned, giving the promise that the fee for the use of the furnace was to be paid if the work proved successful. But the result was as discouraging as before.

In "Successful Men"—from which many of these facts are gleaned—Sarah K. Bolton says:

"Two years went by in this almost hopeless work, then a third—three whole years of borrowing money, wood and chemicals; three years of consuming hope and desperate poverty. Palissy's family had suffered extremely. One child had died. The poor wife was discouraged, and at last angered at his foolishness. Finally the pottery fever seemed to abate, and Palissy went back to his drudgery of glass-painting. Nobody knew the struggle it cost him to give up the great discovery; but it must be done."

A season of employment as surveyor of the salt marshes of France put the disheartened experimenter in funds once more, and he made up his mind to continue the search. Pots and chemicals could now be bought and paid for, and it was possible to pay the proprietor of a glass furnace—who could command a more intense degree of heat than had before been used—to tend the baking with care. The proportions of the chemicals were varied, and the result, although unsatisfactory, was far better than any that had rewarded previous efforts.

With hope renewed by this faint promise of success, several years more of vain efforts followed. For two years the glass furnace was utilized. Then, when money was all gone, when nothing could be sold to raise more, when the family was in poverty even more abject than in the early years of the search, he agreed to make one last effort; if this was unsuccessful, he would give up. Somehow he managed to secure pots and chemicals for the trial. His joy may be imagined when he found that there was an imperfect white enamel on some of the pots when they came from the furnace.

Feeling that he was justified in continuing his work—had not the trial been successful?—he feverishly arranged to build a furnace of his own. How he managed to buy the bricks was a mystery to his acquaintances, but they were not ignorant of the way in which the furnace was built. The precious bricks were carried home on his own back, and were laid by his own hands. Making an alloy of tin, lead, iron and copper, in conjunction with his chemicals, he placed this on pots which he put in the furnace.

"All day and night he fed the fire, his little children bringing him soup, which was all the food the house afforded. A second day and night he watched the results eagerly, but the enamel did not melt. Covered with perspiration, and faint from loss of sleep and food, with the desperation of hope that is akin to despair, for six days and six nights, catching scarcely a moment of sleep, he watched the earthen pots; but still the enamel did not melt."

Perhaps the mixture for the enamel was wrong! He must, then, have more pots and a new sprinkling of alloy to cover them. Feverishly he worked, keeping his furnace at fierce heat all the while, lest time be lost. But when the pots were in, he discovered that fuel was gone. There was no time to search for more—the fire must not go down! So he rushed to the garden, tore down the grape arbour and the fence, and thrust the broken wood into the furnace. Still the fire called for fuel, and the meagre furnishings of the house fed it. Even the floor was torn up and thrown upon the flames. But the enamel melted, and Palissy knew that he was nearing his goal.

Yet there was another long period of waiting and toiling. A second furnace was built of the bricks used in the first. An assistant was employed, the promise being made that his pay should come out of the first profits. The day for profits had not come, however, and the assistant went on his way. Alone, Palissy worked on. Six of his children had died of starvation or of disease brought on by hardship. He was himself near death's door. Of this time he said afterwards:

"I was so wasted in person that there was no form nor prominence of muscles on my arms or legs; also the said legs were throughout of one size, so that the garters with which I tied my stockings were at once, when I walked, down upon my heels, with the stockings, too. I was despised and mocked by all."

Again he stopped in his experiments long enough to earn a little money for the needs of the family and for further expenses of his quest. Then, once more, he sought his perfect enamel. With what patience he varied his chemicals, his heat, the quality of his pots, the time of baking! He was counted a maniac by his acquaintances. They urged him to give up. Yet there was no thought of yielding.

And at last he succeeded. Beautiful ware came from his ovens. From far and near came men who demanded some of it for their homes. He became rich. His wife and children lived in luxury. The hardships of the past were forgotten.

But it must not be thought that Palissy was remarkable only because of his persistence in the search for the enamel that brought him fame, or because of his books on science and his valuable lectures. He was remarkable for his persistence in his purpose to worship God according to his own conscience. He was one of the Huguenots who dared to stand out against the demands of those in power. He read the Bible, and would not give it up. Many times he preached to companies of fellow Huguenots, and so made himself liable to imprisonment and death. Once, when he was an old man, he was in the Bastile for four years, and was finally told by King Henry III that he would be burned at the stake, along with two young women, who were with him in the prison; this must be, as the king was compelled to listen to the demands of the people. The answer made by Palissy tells the temper of the man:

"Sire, you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The women were put to death, but Palissy was suffered to live on in prison though still under sentence, and in the prison he died, at the age of eighty.

Authors and Lecturers

IV

The Man Who Made the World Laugh

How Mark Twain Won His Spurs

TENNESSEE just missed claiming Samuel Langhorn Clemens as one of her sons, for Judge John Clemens spent his early married life in that state. It was his dream to found a fortune for his family there, and he invested in seventy-five thousand acres of land which cost him only five hundred dollars. He dreamed of the day when this land would make his descendants rich. In the meantime he lived in poverty, caring for his growing family as best he could. At last, however, he gave up the struggle in Tennessee and moved to Florida, Missouri, in the vain search for wealth. There—on November 30, 1835—his son Samuel was born.

As a boy Samuel was looked upon as the least promising of the five children. He was always delicate, and he seemed to have no aptitude for books. His greatest delight was in playing pranks; he left it to other members of the family to excel at school. One of his pranks played after the family moved to Hannibal nearly cost him his life. A companion was suffering from black measles. Samuel decided that he must have measles, too—so he stole into the house of his playmate, and then into bed with him. Of course the measles developed very soon. "Some days later"—says his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine in *Harper's Magazine*,—"the Clemens family gathered tearfully around little Sam's bed to see him die. According to his own after confession, this gratified him, and he was willing to die for the glory of that touching scene. However, he disappointed them, and was soon up and about in search of new laurels."

Long before Sam was six years old he was noted for his imaginative tales. His brothers and sisters listened to them in amazement. Neighbours were disturbed; they spoke to Mrs. Clemens about the matter. But the sympathetic mother said that she had no trouble with his tales; she always discounted them ninety per cent. "The rest is pure gold," she would say.

At five Sam was started to school. At eight he was a healthy, rollicking boy, with a large head, a mop of sandy hair, and a smile that made up for his lack of good looks. About this time his longing to see life on the Mississippi made him forget parental commands; he boarded a steamboat and hid himself under one of the boats on the main deck. A deck hand saw his legs sticking out and he was ignominiously hauled before the authorities. At the next landing he was put ashore, and sent back to his anxious parents. They did not realize then that their active boy had been listening to the call of the river that was to give him his name and make him famous.

Many of the incidents of his active boyhood were immortalized in "Tom Sawyer." His mother was the Aunt Polly of the book, his sister Pamela was Cousin Mary, his brother Henry was Sid. Mr. Paine says: "The home incidents in 'Tom Sawyer,' most of them, really happened. Sam Clemens did clod Henry for getting him into trouble about the coloured thread with which he sewed his shirt when he came home from swimming; he did inveigle a lot of boys into whitewashing a fence for him; he did give Pain-killer to Peter, the cat. There was a cholera scare that year, and Pain-killer was regarded as a preventive. Sam had been ordered to take it liberally, and perhaps he thought Peter, too, should be safeguarded. As for escaping punishment for his misdeeds in the manner described in that book, this was a daily matter, and the methods adapted themselves to condition."

With a number of boon companions, Sam played pirates in a cave, fished, hunted, explored the river in a boat, went swimming—in short lived the healthy outdoor life of a vigorous boy. Sometimes he got into mischief. Many times an enticing melon patch made him forget the eighth commandment. Then his biographer records the fact that on one occasion longing for a boat of their own led Sam and his gang to appropriate a neighbour's property. They did more than this—they "borrowed" paint and brushes from another neighbour, and speedily fixed the new boat so its real owner was ever after unable to identify it with sufficient positiveness to lay claim to it.

Perhaps the sport in which the boys delighted most was rolling boulders down a steep hill on Sunday mornings, in order to see the churchgoers at the foot of the hill scamper. Mr. Paine tells graphically of the supreme attempt which nearly resulted in a catastrophe. At the summit of the hill was an immense rock, "about the size of an omnibus," which they determined to send down to the valley. This was so firmly imbedded that a single Sunday morning's work was not sufficient to dislodge it. But the boys were not discouraged. They returned to the contest on many succeeding Sunday mornings. At last the huge rock moved. Then it crashed down the hillside, leaping in the air as it came to an obstruction. Finally it brought up at the foot of the hill. Fortunately no one was injured, but a building was partially demolished. For fifty years the boulder rested where it landed.

These care-free days came to an end when Sam was less than twelve years old. Then his father died, and the tender-hearted boy resolved to be faithful and industrious for his mother's sake. He was taken from school and apprenticed for two years to Joseph P. Ament, the owner of the *Missouri Courier*, who promised to give him board and clothes in return for his service. In later years the humorist delighted to say that he received "more board than clothes, and not much of either. I was supposed to get two suits of clothes a year, but I didn't get them. I got one suit and took the rest out in Ament's old garments, which didn't fit me in any noticeable way. I was only about half as big as he was, and when I had on one of his shirts I felt as if I had on a circus tent. I had to turn the trousers up to my ears to make them short enough."

It was not long till Sam was the mainstay of the office. He learned so rapidly that when, about the end of the appointed stay, his brother Orion—also a printer—returned from St. Louis and bought the *Hannibal Journal*, he was able to go into the office as chief assistant.

For a time the paper prospered. Orion was a good writer, but he did not have staying qualities. The paper began to go down-hill. To renew the family fortune the editor made a trip to Tennessee, to look after the family's landed estate.

This journey marked an epoch in the life of Sam Clemens. He had to do the editorial work—and he did it in a way that made the sleepy town sit up and take notice. Immediately some citizens were enraged, and libel suits were threatened. When Orion returned he promised that there would be no more of his brother's youthful efforts. Later on, when—as Mark Twain—his brother became famous, he wished he had not been so hasty. "I could have distanced all competitors if I had recognized Sam's ability and let him go ahead, merely keeping him from offending worthy persons," he said.

Sam was sixteen when his first manuscript was accepted. The editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* used two short humorous articles, these being printed anonymously.

He was eighteen when he decided to go out into the world to seek his fortune. His mother bade him Godspeed, asking him to make one promise only. So he repeated after her the words:

"I do solemnly swear that I will not throw a card or drink a drop of liquor while I am gone."

He found his way to New York City, where he wrote to his sister Pamela, "Tell ma my promises are faithfully kept."

In New York he earned only four dollars a week, out of which he saved fifty cents. So he went to Philadelphia where—on a daily paper—he was accustomed to set ten thousand ems a day. He earned good wages, and frequently sent something to his mother.

Then followed two years in Keokuk, Iowa, working for his brother Orion in the printing-office, and a short stay in Cincinnati, where he wrote his first articles for pay—two letters to an Iowa paper which show faint traces of the ability that later made Mark Twain famous.

From Cincinnati the printer took passage for New Orleans on the *Paul Jones*. He intended to go on to South America. But something better happened. The fascination of the river took hold of him once more, and he proposed to Pilot Bixby that he become his apprentice, or "cub" pilot, as the term was. Asked for a premium of five hundred dollars, he offered two thousand acres of Tennessee land. When this was refused he promised one hundred dollars, and agreed to pay the remainder when he became a pilot.

Progress on the river was rapid. In little more than a year he was offered his first trip as day steersman. The arrangement was made that at New Orleans he should leave the boat on which he had travelled down the river, the *Pennsylvania*, and should follow it to St. Louis on the next steamer; then at St. Louis he would begin his term of service.

But it was not to be. At Memphis the *Pennsylvania* was blown up, and one hundred and fifty lives were lost. One of those who was so injured that death soon followed was Sam's brother Henry, who had been acting as third clerk on the boat. Those who know the humorist say that he blamed himself for his brother's death. From that time he dated his gray hairs and his sad expression of countenance.

The pilot's river experience lasted for three happy years. His earnings were large, and many dollars each month found the way to his mother and his brother Orion. Spare hours were used in studying and writing. Thus, unconsciously, the foundations of future greatness were laid.

The beginning of the Civil War saw the end of river trade for some years. But Sam Clemens was out of work only a short time. Through a friend in Washington, Orion had been appointed Territorial Secretary of Nevada. He had not the funds necessary for the trip, so Sam offered to pay the expenses provided Orion appointed him personal secretary. The offer was accepted. On August 14, 1861, the brothers reached Carson City. The trip and many of the experiences in the frontier state were later immortalized in "Roughing It."

Those were the days when fortunes were made in the Nevada mines, so it is not strange that Sam Clemens soon got the mining fever. He turned his back on the territorial capital and hurried to the mines. For a long time he worked hard and dreamed dreams, which came to nothing. As he worked he wrote humorous sketches for the papers which were printed over the signature "Josh." These attracted attention. In July, 1862, the editor of *The Territorial Enterprise* offered him twenty-five dollars a week to take a position on the staff. The offer was accepted. For some time his work was unsigned. Then he decided to use the name "Mark Twain," over which an old river acquaintance had written steamboat news for the New Orleans papers. This man was dead, and the Western newspaper men appropriated the title, which he described to his employer as "an old river term, a leadsman's call, signifying two fathoms, twelve feet." Then he added, "It has a richness about it; it was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water." And so "Mark Twain" began to take his place in the world's literature. Members of the legislature, which he was attending as a reporter, began to call him Mark. Everywhere he was hailed as Mark Twain; his own name became unfamiliar even to himself. Within a few years a large proportion of the reading public would have insisted that the *nom de plume* was the real name.

Steady progress was made during the next four or five years. Newspaper work in the Nevada capital was followed by reporting in San Francisco and Honolulu, and a brief mining experience in the Tuolumne district. That no gold was found was due to Mark Twain's unwillingness to keep on with the disagreeable work. It is related that his partner had a panful of dirt all ready for the bucket of water required to wash it. Mark Twain rebelled; he declared he would not carry another pail if he knew there was a million dollars in the pan. The partners reluctantly laid down the pan, and the claim was deserted. Rain came and exposed a handful of nuggets in the pan. Two Austrians came that way, saw the gold, and washed out ten thousand dollars in a short time.

That was a most fortunate accident for Mark Twain. His partners afterwards said, "If Sam had got that pocket he would have remained a pocket-miner to the end of his days."

Something better than a few paltry nuggets came out of that mining experience. One day a loafer told a story of two frogs that was made the basis by Mark Twain for the story of "Jim Smiley and His Jumping Frog." This appeared November 18, 1865. It was copied by papers all over the country. In a few weeks the English-speaking world was laughing, and Mark Twain was famous. But the humorist was modest. At about this time he wrote:

"Though I am generally placed at the head of my breed of scribblers in this part of the country, the place properly belongs to Bret Harte, I think, though he denies it, along with the rest."

From this time his growth was rapid. He went on the lecture platform in the West, and took the public by storm; in the East he repeated his triumphs. He went to Europe under engagement to write sixty letters for the *Alta Californian*, and the letters were later printed in "The Innocents Abroad," a volume that sold for four dollars, yet broke all records for large sales. Within nine months the profits were seventy thousand dollars. The book is still selling, after more than a generation.

It is needless to give the list of later volumes. The American people know what he wrote, as do many who live in foreign lands. "Roughing It," "Life on the Mississippi," "Tom Sawyer," "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," and many others—how the names bring up the memories of delightful hours, and make one think, "I must read that book again."

His greatness was recognized in Europe as well as in America. The German emperor complimented him on his work; the porter of his apartments in Vienna told him of his delight in "Life on the Mississippi." The University of Oxford gave him a degree—though it had never before so honoured a humorist. When he went abroad to lecture he was received with open arms.

And when—late in life—he was burdened with a heavy debt by the failure of the publishing house in which he was interested, the world's regard for him became still deeper, for he determined to pay every claim. This he accomplished after what Archibald Hudson calls the most spectacular and remarkable lecture tour in history.

Many sorrows came into his life. His wife and several of his children were taken from him and he was left almost alone. But always he was the same genial man of the people who helped others to forget their sorrows by his unfailing, kindly humour.

Among the tributes of his friends, spoken after his death—which occurred on April 21, 1910—perhaps the best was spoken by Dr. Henry Van Dyke:

"The atmosphere of his work is clear and wholesome. He made fun without hatred. He laughed many of the world's false claimants out of court, and entangled many of the world's false witnesses in the net of ridicule. In his best books and stories, coloured with his own experiences, he touched the absurdities of life with penetrating, but not unkindly mockery, and made us feel, somehow, the infinite pathos of life's realities. No one can say that he ever failed to reverence the purity, the frank, joyful, generous nature of the little children, of whom Christ said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

V

From Marshalsea Prison to Westminster Abbey

The Varied Career of Charles Dickens

THE first recorded ambition of Charles Dickens—the centenary of whose birth was celebrated on February 7, 1912—was that he might live in Gadshill Place. He saw the great house when his father took him from London to Chatham. The father, seeing his son's look of admiration, assured him that he might live in some such house when he came to be a man, if he would only work hard enough. Charles made up his mind then and there that Gadshill must some day be his.

For many years the realization of this dream must have seemed exceedingly unlikely. The senior Dickens was always in financial hot water. Before the future novelist was ten years old, the family fortunes were at their lowest ebb, and the father was committed to prison for debt.

The boy had most of his schooling before the coming of these dark days. He was a sickly little fellow, unable to take part in the activities of his mates at the Chatham day school. So he had all the more time for reading books that had their influence in fixing his life activities. In a little room up-stairs he found "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," "Tom Jones," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," "Robinson Crusoe," the "Arabian Nights," and "Tales of the Genii." He delighted to live the character of some hero in whom he was interested: for weeks at a time he was Tom Jones, and for a month he would become Roderick Random.

When he was nine years old, the quiet life of Chatham gave way to the hurly-burly of London. There he was a faithful student in "the school of hard knocks"—the only school he had a chance to attend for some years. He saw his father taken to the Marshalsea prison, where he himself went frequently to deliver messages "with swollen eyes and through shining tears." He listened to his father's advice as to debt; he was asked to observe that if a man had twenty pounds a year, and spent nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings and sixpence, he would be happy, but that a shilling spent the other way would make him wretched. He saw the books he loved carried off to be sold. He went often to the pawnbrokers, until there was left in the house nothing except a few chairs, a kitchen table, and some beds.

Then began the life of drudgery which he had in mind when, in "David Copperfield," he told of the poor little lad who—at the age of ten—became a "labouring hind" in the service of Murdstone and

Grinby. In the book the boy's employment was the washing of bottles; the work of the boy Dickens was the pasting of labels on endless boxes of blacking in the miserable riverside warehouse of Jonathan Warren. His wages of six shillings a week were insufficient to allow him to bring a decent lunch, so he usually bought a saveloy and a penny loaf. When the rest of the family went to live with his father in the prison, he took lodgings with an old lady in reduced circumstances who was the model for Mrs. Pipchin in "Dombey and Son."

He himself told how he lived during these months: "My exclusive breakfast, of a penny cottage loaf and a pennyworth of milk, I provided for myself. I kept another small loaf and a quarter of a pound of cheese, on a particular shelf of a particular cupboard, to make my supper on when I came back at night. They made a hole in the six or seven shillings, I know well; I was out at the blacking-warehouse all day, and had to support myself upon that money all the week. I suppose my lodging was paid for by my father. I certainly did not pay it myself, and I certainly had no other assistance whatever (the making of my clothes, I think, excepted) from Monday morning until Saturday night. No advice, no counsel, no encouragement, no consolation, no support, from any one that I can call to mind. . . . I know I do not exaggerate unconsciously and unintentionally the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. . . . I know that I worked, from morning to night, with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through, by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labelled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber, or a little vagabond."

More than once the sickly boy was overcome by weakness when at his work. On one such occasion Bob Fagin—whose name was later used in "Oliver Twist"—helped him. "They made a temporary bed of straw in the counting-room and I rolled about on the floor," the victim wrote later. "Bob filled empty blacking bottles with hot water, and applied relays of them to my side, half the day. I got better and quite easy towards evening, but Bob (who was much bigger and older than I) did not like the idea of my going home alone, and took me under his protection." (By this time the child-worker had moved from his lodgings to the prison, where his father's small income enabled him to live in fair comfort.) "I was too proud to let him know about the prison; and after making several efforts to get rid of him, to all of which Bob Fagin in his goodness was deaf, shook hands with him on the steps of a house near Southwark Bridge on the Surrey side, making believe that I lived there. As a finishing piece of reality, in case of his looking back, I knocked at the door, I recollect, and asked, when the woman opened it, if that was Mr. Robert Fagin's house."

One day an officer sought him, in order to value his possessions. His father desired to take advantage of the insolvent debtors' act. In order to do so, he and his family must not retain property of more than twenty pounds' value. The officer's errand was to appraise the boy's poor white hat, little jacket, and corduroy trousers. The memory of that day never left young Dickens. "I had a fat old silver watch," he said, in speaking of it, "which had been given me by my grandmother before the blacking days, and I had entertained my doubts whether that valuable possession might not bring me over the twenty pounds." To his great joy, the watch was left him.

The boy was released from the warehouse, soon after his father's release from prison. Then brighter days dawned for him.

It is worthy of note that Dickens always spoke respectfully and even lovingly of the father who had been responsible for his boyhood trials. Once he said: "I know my father to be as kind-hearted and generous a man as ever lived. . . . By me, as a sick child, he has watched night and day, unweariedly and patiently many nights and days." It was years before he could bring himself to speak of the privations which made him a man before his time. It is said that his own wife did not know of these events for some years after her marriage to him; he feared to reflect on his parents by telling the facts.

Fifteen years after leaving the blacking warehouse he wrote to a friend concerning his parents, whom he was caring for as they never had cared for him: "I took a little house for them this morning, and if they are not pleased with it, I shall be grievously disappointed."

During all the months of hardship Dickens had been receiving the best possible training for his future work. He was thrown with all sorts of people, and he observed them so faithfully that when he came to choose his characters, he had only to draw on his own memory. He learned to sympathize with the unfortunate. He saw many of the abuses at which he delivered such effective blows. Dickens would not have been able to do Dickens' work if his boyhood had been a normal round of school life and home life.

Two years of school followed his father's release from the Marshalsea. Then—at fifteen—he entered an attorney's office. The eighteen months spent there were valuable not only because they gave him material which he was to use to advantage in "Pickwick Papers" and "Nicholas Nickleby," but because—realizing his shortcomings, he studied with such persistence that he left the place with a good education. When a friend, marvelling at his fund of information, said to the senior Dickens, "Pray, where was your son educated?" the father answered with truth: "Why, indeed, sir—ha! ha!—he may be said to have educated himself."

At nineteen he began his newspaper reporting. Two years later, his first article appeared in *The Old Monthly Magazine.* He tells of his feelings when he saw this in print: "I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there." Soon he was writing in the same periodical under the name of "Boz," the nickname of his youngest brother Augustus: the boy was called Moses; pronounced through the nose, this became Boses, and from this came the diminutive Boz! When he was twenty-two these articles were collected and published as "Sketches by Boz."

Then events followed rapidly. The beginning of "Pickwick Papers"—written for periodical publication—and his marriage came close together. Publishers took advantage of his necessities to drive hard bargains with him. Not many years passed before his work was so much in demand that he was glad to buy freedom from some of these contracts; others hampered him for a long time.

When the first monthly number of "Pickwick Papers" was printed, the binder thought that four hundred copies would supply the demand. But when part fifteen was bound, it was found necessary to prepare fifty thousand copies. The people —high and low alike—could hardly wait for the monthly parts. And this popularity has only increased with the years. Everybody knows Sam Weller, the outstanding character of the Papers, "one of those people that take their place among the supreme successes of fiction, as one that nobody ever saw but recognizes, at once perfectly natural and intensely original," to quote John Forster, the friend and biographer of the author.

It is said that it was "Nicholas Nickleby" which gave Dickens his place as a writer, for not until then did he "cease to be regarded as a mere phenomenon or marvel of fortune." With the publication of the parts of this novel, it was realized that he was a master of the art of character-drawing, not by description of his own—the easiest sort of character-drawing—but by letting his characters describe themselves.

The readers who revelled in the work of the new author soon began to see that he was not writing merely to amuse—he was battling with social evils. In "Nicholas Nickleby" this was evident: in "Oliver Twist" it became still plainer; and in his later work there was no getting away from the fact that this master of satire and humour and pathos was bringing all his artillery to bear on public disgraces that could not be permitted to survive.

No small part of Dickens' power was due to the fact that he lived his characters as he wrote of them. When writing "Oliver Twist," he declared that he did not know what to make of the Jew.

While at work on "The Old Curiosity Shop," he said of Miss Wackles, Dick's aunt: "I cannot yet discover that she has any belief in him, or is in the least likely to send him a remittance." The conclusion of the book was delayed many days by his unwillingness to let little Nell die. "Nobody will miss her like I shall," he said. When the deed was done, he wrote: "It makes me very melancholy to feel that all these people are lost to me forever, and I feel as if I never could become attached to any new set of characters." When he finished "Dombey and Son," "he wandered desolately about the streets of Paris." While preparing the last pages of "David Copperfield," he stopped to write to John Forster: "If I were to say half of what Copperfield makes me feel to-night, how strangely, even to you, I should be turned inside out! I seem to be sending some part of myself into the Shadowy World!" No wonder the characters seemed real to the readers! No wonder Sidney Smith said: "Nickleby is very good. I stood out against Mr. Dickens as long as I could, but he has conquered me."

In 1842, in the midst of these triumphs Dickens made his first visit to America. He had a progress through the country unequalled since the visit of Lafayette. The words of Daniel Webster, that "Dickens has done more already to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament," prepared the way for him. When, on his return home, he published his "American Notes," there was a storm of indignation from Americans, but reflection led most of them to see that many of his good-natured strictures on American life were well taken.

At once on his return home, the novelist was again hard at work. He planned a new novel, which he finally decided to call "Martin Chuzzlewit." His biographer says that he was always clear as to the given name of his hero, but whether to call him Sweezleden, Sweezleback, Sweezleway, Chuzzletoe, Chuzzleby, Chubblewig, or Chuzzlewit, he could not tell. Thus it will be seen that his selection of the names that charm his readers were not accidents. He made a list of a dozen names before he finally chose "Household Words" for his periodical. In writing "Bleak House," he had as many titles from which to select. The list of names from which he selected "All the Year Round" was much larger. "Little Dorrit" also was selected from a formidable list. Lovers of Dickens should study these lists, as well as the lists of names of possible characters. There were scores of these. Many of them sound as if there might have been delightful stories written around them. Who knows but some of them might have been rivals of Mrs. Gamp, perhaps the most popular of Dickens' characters?

The great popularity of "The Christmas Carol"—published in 1843—led to demands for public readings, not only from this but from others of his novels. These were given at first for charity. Later readings were given for profit, first in England and Scotland, and later in America, which he revisited in 1867 and 1868. These readings netted him perhaps £40,000. But they sapped his strength. He went home from America a stricken man. A little work was done later, but the pen was soon taken from his hand by death.

The desire to possess Gadshill—the mansion that had been before his eyes since he was four years old—was partly responsible for the beginning of the readings for pay. When the house was secured, larger income was necessary to maintain it, so he drove himself day after day and year after year. He gave himself no rest. He declared that if he stopped he would die.

As to Dickens' place in literature, there can be but one opinion. He is one of the great writers of all times. His works will live, and they deserve to live. One great reason why they deserve to live is that they are pure—he "never sullied his world-wide influence by a hint of impurity or a possibility of harm."

Dickens said little of his religious feelings. But Marian Clare, in "A Day with Charles Dickens," says that his morning and evening prayers were a part of his unvarying routine and he adhered to them with a child's punctuality. When his youngest son was about to go to Australia, he wrote: "I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason, and the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child: because it is the best book that ever was, or ever will be known in the world . . . . I now solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion as it came from Christ Himself." His own belief was further emphasized when, in the pages of his last, unfinished book, he refers to the Resurrection and the Life.

Dickens worked to the last. On June 8, 1870, he was at Gadshill at work on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—the book which was never to be finished. That evening he was taken sick. Next evening he died.

The grief of the English people was indescribable. From all classes came the demand that his body should rest in Westminster Abbey. Place was gladly made for him there. The inscription on the statue is most simple—only the name and two dates. But the words of those who mourned him were not so simple. Carlyle voiced the feeling of England when he said: "The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an honest man."

From America, Horace Greeley sent the message: "The loss of no single man during the present generation, if we except Abraham Lincoln alone, has carried mourning into so many families." And Longfellow said: "I never knew an author's death cause such general mourning. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole country is stricken with grief."

VI

The Shoemaker's Apprentice Who Became "The Apostle of Freedom"

The Story of William Lloyd Garrison

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the Apostle of Emancipation, came naturally by his readiness to undergo danger, if need be, in the path of duty. One spring day in 1774 his grandmother, a resident of New Brunswick, with her babe, undertook to float down-stream in a rowboat to a town some distance away, where she felt she ought to go. The stream was clear as she began her trip, but soon the breaking up of the ice some miles above sent the ice cakes tumbling against her frail craft. She leaped to one of the cakes, which later grounded near the shore. Then, after wrapping the baby in her outer clothing, she tossed him to the bank, and herself caught the overhanging limb of a tree and climbed to safety.

The baby became the father of William Lloyd Garrison, who was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, where his parents were then living, on December 10, 1805. When he was three years old his father, for some unexplained reason, left home, never to return, and Mrs. Garrison was left in poverty to support her three children.

A roof was provided for them by a friend, and daily bread was earned by the devoted mother as she went from her home to nurse the sick. After several years Lloyd was permitted to share in her efforts to keep the wolf from the door, his first work being the selling, on election and training days, of sticks of molasses candy made by the busy mother. Sometimes, when there was little demand for the services of the nurse, Lloyd was sent around to the homes of some of the wealthier residents of the town, an applicant for food for the family. The description of the sensitive lad, with his tin pail, trying to balk the curiosity of rude boys who wished to see what he was carrying, is one of the most pitiful pictures in biographical literature. If it had not been for the cheering example of his Christian mother, who went singing about her work even on the darkest days, the life of the lad might have been embittered.

Lloyd was not much more than seven when Mrs. Garrison took her elder son, James, to Lynn to learn the shoemaking trade. The daughter, Elizabeth, was left in charge of a friend, while arrangements were made for Lloyd to earn his board by working for Deacon Bartlett, the town man of all work, who "sawed wood, sharpened saws, made lasts and even sold apples from a little stand in his door." For a few months the boy was sent to school, but soon his school days were brought to a sudden end. After that the record of each day was work, lightened by boyish sports, whenever he could get a spare hour.

But life in still more sober earnest began for him when he was nine years old. His mother's health began to fail, and she realized that she must provide for the future of the younger son as well as the older. So, taking him to Lynn, she apprenticed him to a shoemaker. The workmen in the shop made sport of the little fellow, who was "not much bigger than a last."

Although the work was very heavy for the frail lad, he persisted in his efforts, and in a few months was able to make a tolerable shoe. "He always retained a vivid recollection of the heavy lap-stone, on which he pounded many a sole until his body ached and his knees were sore and tremulous; of the threads he waxed, and the sore fingers he experienced from sewing shoes." So his children wrote in telling of these early days of struggle.

He was ten years old when Mrs. Garrison took the two boys to Baltimore, hoping to secure work for them with a Lynn friend who planned to open a shoe factory in the Maryland city. The factory proving a failure, the problem of living had to be faced anew. While the mother nursed, James, weary of the awl, ran away to sea and was not heard from for years, and Lloyd was sent back to Newburyport to work for his board and to secure what proved to be his last few months at school.

As the months passed, he thought of his mother's burdens and resolved to do more to help her; of this desire he wrote to Baltimore when he was eleven years old. Mrs. Garrison made tender acknowledgment of his wish to ease her burden.

This is only a hint of the affectionate relation between this mother and son which endured to the day of Mrs. Garrison's death. Poverty kept them apart, but love bridged the miles that separated them and brought them near to each other in spite of the weary weeks between letters (the charge for postage was so high that weekly letters could not be exchanged). This further hint of the mother's place in Lloyd's heart is given in his biography: "You speak of a mother's love, and ask, 'What love is comparable to hers?' An allusion like this dissolves my heart and causes it to grow liquid as water. I had a mother once, who cared for me with such a passionate regard, who loved me so intensely, that no language can describe the yearnings of her soul."

The next attempt at conquering the world was made when he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker at Haverhill, it having been decided that he was too frail to make shoes. Soon he became quite proficient. But, unable to overcome the longing for his native town, he stole away with a bundle of clothing over his shoulders and started to his friends. Overtaken by his master, he was persuaded to return and ask for his release in an orderly manner.

When not quite thirteen, he found the work that opened the way to the future when he was apprenticed for seven years to the proprietor of the Newburyport *Herald* to learn the printer's trade. Here he made such rapid progress that he was, several years later, made foreman of the office. A fellow-workman testified that he was, without exception, the most rapid and correct compositor he ever knew, and the most patient man he ever saw about a printing-office—and there are few places where a man's patience is tried more often! "'Tisn't as bad as it would be if it were worse!" was a common exclamation when a form was pied or some other accident occurred.

During the evening hours he studied. When he was seventeen he began to write, anonymously, for the *Herald*, and the editor soon began to look eagerly for the work of his unknown correspondent, never suspecting that the compositor to whom he gave the article to be set up was himself the author! His mother wrote him a letter of warning when he took her into his confidence, reminding him that authors usually starve to death in some garret, yet she urged him to take his pieces with him when he should visit her.

The trip to her side could not be postponed beyond his eighteenth year, as word came that she was near death's door. The daughter, her only companion, had recently died, and she was all alone among strangers, on whose charity she had been living. After a dangerous voyage of two weeks' duration, Lloyd reached her side. She died a few weeks after he left her to go back to his employer, who was urging his return.

During the last three years of his apprenticeship he had charge not only of the printing-office, but of the editorial work as well. By continuing his reading and study as he found opportunity, and by faithful work in a debating society, he made up in a large measure for his lack of early education. Within three months of the close of his apprenticeship the name, "William L. Garrison," appeared as publisher of the Newburyport *Free Press*, his former employer advancing the money for the purchase.

In the conduct of the paper the young editor showed himself so fearless and conscientious that even those who did not agree with him admired him, though some of them discontinued their papers because of their dissatisfaction with his views.

Income from the business was small, and it was impossible to employ needed assistance. "All of Mr. Garrison's editorials in the *Free Press* were set up by him at the case, without having first been written out on paper; and the ability to think with clearness and precision which he thus acquired was of great value to him then and in subsequent years. Indeed, a large part of the manual work on the paper was done by him, a boy being his only assistant."

Before very long he treated his readers to his first utterance on the great question of slavery, which, a generation later, was to bring the country to terrible war. The occasion was the review of a poem by a woman. A little later, when speaking of the approaching Fourth of July, he mentioned one thing which was apt to be neglected by eulogists of the country. "There is one theme that should be dwelt upon, till our whole country is free from the curse—it is *slavery*."

Next to these foreshadowings of his life mission, the most important event was the discovery of an embryo poet in the author of some verses voluntarily sent to the paper. Attracted at once by the unusual quality Mr. Garrison determined to trace the unsigned letters. The postman said he had received them from the hand of a "Quaker lad, named Whittier, who was daily at work on the shoemaker's bench, with hammer and lap-stone, at East Haverhill." "Jumping into a vehicle, I lost no time in driving to see the youthful rustic bard, who came into the room with shrinking diffidence, almost unable to speak, and blushing like a maiden," Mr. Garrison wrote. "Giving him some words of encouragement, I addressed myself more particularly to his parents, and urged them with great earnestness to grant him every possible facility for the development of his remarkable genius."

Urging was required, for the parents were poor. "Poetry will not give him bread," they objected. Fortunately for the world they allowed themselves to be persuaded by the enthusiastic editor.

When not yet twenty-one, Mr. Garrison sold the *Free Press* and went to Boston, where, with great difficulty, he secured temporary work in several printing-offices and stereotype foundries. Not long after he reached the city, having drawn down on his head the wrath of a politician by taking part in a caucus, he replied to a public attack in which the question was asked, "Who is he?" by writing to the *Courier* a letter in which these sentences were included: "It is true that my acquaintance in this city is limited. . . . Let me assure him, however, that, if my life be spared, my name shall one day be known to the world—at least to such an extent that common inquiry shall be unnecessary."

Then he promised the editor an article on the tariff, adding: "The hours which should be devoted to labour, Mr. Editor, allow me little time to indulge in newspaper essays. Poverty and misfortune are hard masters, and cannot be bribed by the magic of words."

In 1828 Mr. Garrison became editor of the *National Philanthropist*, which startled the public by declaring that "Moderate Drinking Is the Down-hill Road to Intemperance and Drunkenness," a strange doctrine for those days, when "a house was hardly ever erected, or a ship built, without rum being furnished to the neighbours who came to help raise the frame or lay the keel; and it was even served to the men who worked on the roads in the country towns." From the first, the influence of the paper was felt; temperance societies were formed far and near in answer to its pleas. Other public questions were given consideration, such as lotteries, imprisonment for debt, universal peace among nations and the desecration of the Sabbath by the transportation of mails and passengers.

Soon after beginning work on the *Philanthropist*, the editor's heart was stirred by meeting Benjamin Lundy, who, at the cost of suffering and privation, was giving himself to the antislavery cause. Mr. Garrison, inspired by his example, determined to devote his life to philanthropy and reform. It was not, however, until October 3, 1828, when he issued the first number of the Bennington (Vermont) *Journal of the Times*, that he definitely stated his purpose to give himself resolutely to the advocacy of three reforms—the suppression of intemperance, the gradual emancipation of every slave in the Republic and the perpetuity of national peace. That he knew how to carry out his programme attractively is evident from the statement of Horace Greeley that the *Journal* was "about the ablest and most interesting newspaper ever issued in Vermont." The fact that men of means relieved him of all financial responsibility made his work far easier than anything he had before undertaken.

Mr. Lundy, who was publishing *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* at Baltimore, was watching the career of the New Englander, and was not long in making up his mind to invite him to become associate editor. Mr. Garrison, undaunted by the poverty of the paper whose editor walked to him all the way from Baltimore, felt that the call was from God, and accepted. His departure from Bennington was hailed with joy by some who called him "Lloyd Garrulous," and by the editor of the rival paper, who described him thus: "My Lloyd is a young man. . . . A pair of silver-mounted spectacles ride elegantly across his nose, and his figure and appearance are not unlike those of a dandy. He is, withal, a great egotist, and, when talking of himself, displays the pert loquacity of a blue jay. . . . In regard to the affairs of the world, my Lloyd labours under a strange delusion, insomuch that he has taken upon himself to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, reform the judiciary and militia of the state, and last, though not least, to impart the graces of a Boston dandy to the unpolished natives of our happy state."

The journey to Baltimore was made under the shadow of dire poverty. Though in need of funds, Mr. Garrison was not discouraged. "My fingers have not lost their suppleness, and my pride I have sent on pilgrimage to Mecca," he said when he proposed to set type to secure a few needed dollars.

The first number of the *Genius*, under the new management, was dated September 2, 1829. Mr. Garrison was the managing editor, while Mr. Lundy was lecturing and canvassing for funds. The managing editor narrowed his life purpose to one chief object, the emancipation of the slaves. So vigorously did he throw himself into the fight that enemies were made on every hand; but the resolute man did not hesitate. In 1830 he was arrested on the charge of libelling the masters of two ships whom he had condemned for carrying cargoes of slaves. In spite of the fact that the truth of the charge was admitted by the shipmasters the editor was fined, and, in default of payment, was sent to the Baltimore jail. During the forty-nine days of his imprisonment he wrote letters to the papers and prepared a pamphlet citing the story of his trial. The publication of these stirred up public opinion, and induced a New York merchant to pay the fine and liberate Mr. Garrison.

The imprisonment was the death blow of the *Genius*, but it paved the way for the foundation, by Mr. Garrison and Isaac Knapp, of *The Liberator*, the first number of which was issued in Boston on January 1, 1831. It appeared "without a subscriber, in borrowed type, and was set by the partners (in hours snatched from journeyman's work, by which they got their living), worked off on the press and mailed by them." In the first number Mr. Garrison told his purpose to give his life to the conquest of slavery. "Such is the vow I take—*so help me God!*"

In a short time the country was aroused. Within a year the legislature of Georgia offered five thousand dollars to any person who should be instrumental in convicting the editor or the publishers under the laws of Georgia.

The paper was only one vehicle of Mr. Garrison's fight for liberty. By organizing the New England

Antislavery Society, by public lectures, by his book, "Thoughts on African Colonization," he continued the conflict. Many times his life was in danger. In 1835 he was taken from his office and dragged through the streets at a rope's end; the police saved his life by taking him to jail.

But he continued the fight, undismayed by obstacles, until, the war over, and the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery adopted, he published the last number of *The Liberator* in December, 1865. He had done his work; the slaves were free.

But he was as modest in his victory as he had been heroic in difficulty. Some time before his death, which occurred May 24, 1879, he said: "The truth is, he who commences any reform which at last becomes one of transcendent importance and is crowned with victory is always ill judged and unfairly estimated. . . . The praises on the one hand, and the defamation on the other, are equally unmerited. In the clear light of reason, it will be seen that he simply stood up to discharge a duty which he owed to his God, to his fellow men, to the land of his nativity."

But that is heroism!

VII

A Man Who Chose to be in a Minority With God

The Service of Wendell Phillips

ABOUT the year 1820 a nine-year-old Boston boy found pleasure in going into a room by himself, arranging chairs in rows, pretending that they were filled with listeners and delivering boyish orations to them. Once when he was asked if he did not tire of this, he answered, "No; but it is pretty hard on chairs!"

That boy's name was Wendell Phillips. He was born November 29, 1811. While his friends did not dream that he was to become one of the great orators of his century, they did agree that there was promise in the young speaker. One of them said later, speaking of these boyhood days: "Wendell's voice was a very pleasant one to listen to, and his gestures as graceful as could be. He was a fine, manly little fellow, and I was very proud of him as a playmate."

The first teachers of the future orator were his parents. By his father he was early taught some of the secrets of making the most of life, while by his mother he was taught to love the Bible. When he was eleven years old, he entered the famous

Boston Latin School. There, from the first, he was a favourite on the playground as well as in the class room. While he was a good all-round student, he was especially brilliant when he took part in the regular elocution exercises. "I soon came to look forward to declamation day with interest—mainly on his account," one of his schoolmates testified.

From the Latin School he went to Harvard, where he was an associate of Charles Sumner and Oliver Wendell Holmes. With these and with many others he took part in the amusements of the day—among them, boating on the Charles, boxing and fencing. But he did not permit sports to interfere with the main purpose for which he had entered college. He made a careful study of history and literature and so prepared for the day when he was to move men by oratory that was more than a mere torrent of words. Practice in public speaking—especially on the debating platform—was continued through his course.

From the first the young student was known among his fellows as a Christian. He had consecrated his life to God at the age of fourteen, after listening to a sermon by Dr. Lyman Beecher. In college he kept on his study table the Bible given him by his mother, and—what is far more important—he showed by his life that he was a student of the Bible; acquaintances honoured him because of his simple, straightforward, unselfish life.

After graduating with his class in 1831, Phillips read law for three years, then opened an office in Boston. As a lawyer he did not set the world on fire, but, as he himself said—speaking of the two opening years in the office—"I paid all my expenses, and few do it now."

But he was not destined to spend his days in a law office. His services were needed in another field.

A few months before Phillips was graduated from Harvard, William Lloyd Garrison began to publish in Boston *The Liberator* in which he demanded immediate emancipation of all slaves. The successive issues of the paper stirred up the hatred of the friends of slavery for the fearless editor and publisher. In 1835 this hatred found expression when a mob attacked the printing-office, and dragged Garrison through the streets. He was finally lodged in jail, where he was confined until the next day.

This attack on one who was looked upon as one of the leading champions of the antislavery movement must have had its effect on Phillips, who had been giving much thought to the immorality of the traffic in human flesh. But more than this was required to make him give up his law practice.

The making of the new antislavery champion was completed when, a few months after the outrage on Garrison, the young lawyer met Miss Anne Terry Greene. The story of the meeting has been told by Lorenzo Sears:

"Miss Greene was to accompany home to Greenfield a cousin of hers, Miss Grew, who had just become the fiancée of Mr. Alford, a friend of Phillips and Charles Sumner. These two were invited by the lover to join the stage-coach party in order to divert the other lady, giving him an opportunity for that exclusive devotion which became a part of his new condition. Sumner was the first to promise to go; but the next morning's storm sent him back to bed with the remark that 'on such a day he would not go on a stage ride with any woman,' a natural observation for a man who did not find a wife for thirty years. But Wendell was more chivalrous than Charles, and found himself assigned by his friend to the girl who had been described as 'the cleverest, loveliest, most brilliant young woman, but a rabid abolitionist. Look out, or she will talk you into that 'ism, before you suspect what she is about.' She herself said that she 'talked it all the way to Greenfield and while he was there; that he listened and (afterwards in Boston) came again, and that his fate was sealed.'"

Soon Phillips asked Miss Greene if she would marry him. Before she gave him her answer, she asked him if he had fully determined to be the friend of the slave. It is said that the answer came without a moment's hesitation: "My life shall attest the sincerity of my conversion." No wonder the agitator said, years after, "My wife made an out-and-out abolitionist of me."

It was in the presence of Miss Greene that

Phillips first met Garrison, with whom he was to be so closely associated in a common cause. Sears says of the two men thus brought together:

"The meeting of these early leaders had interesting features. The circumstance that one was born poor in everything belonging to worldly advantages, had educated himself and made himself a power aggressive and resistant, and was winning his way despite obstacles that were greater than had confronted any American, appealed to a kindred spirit whom fortune had loaded with every gift, wealth, social position, academic privileges, professional business, and an outlook towards political honours. If the older man had something to gain and not much to lose, and was gaining something every week and every year, as the younger saw, in this alliance, he, for his part, was throwing to the winds everything that had made life sweet and honourable, save his faith in Deity and the object of his affection. On these two foundations he must build the superstructure of his life and labour."

On March 26, 1837, Phillips made his first public appearance in his new rôle. To the people of Lynn, Massachusetts, he offered this resolution:

"Resolved, that, having a great work to do, and with comparatively feeble means wherewith to do it, our influence and effort should be devoted mainly to the cause of abolition."

Speaking for the resolution, he referred to the plea that slavery was dying, and said:

"Dead, is it? How comes it then, if you but touch it, that it rocks the throne to its centre and base? You say wait and it will die away. Why, then, does it ask for more territory? . . . If our work be not done immediately, it may be that it cannot be done at all. . . . Now is the crisis, meet it like men. Spare no labour. Waste none on other causes. This work must be done now or not at all."

Phillips did not desire to be conspicuous. He was ready to follow the lead of others. But those who heard him realized that he was a man of the hour, and he was forced to take a more prominent place. He never faltered. In spite of the loss of friends who turned their backs on him because of what they were pleased to call his fanaticism, in spite of the fact that he must abandon the practice of law under a constitution which protected slavery, he resolutely turned his face to the enemy and with all his might went into the battle for freedom.

The destruction of the printing-office of Rev. Elijah P. Lovejoy at Alton, Illinois, in November, 1837, and the murder of the proprietor because he had said things offensive to sympathizers with slavery, was followed by a great demonstration in Faneuil Hall in Boston, when Phillips made a ringing address in favour of the freedom of public speech. Before he took the platform, it looked as if the purpose of the meeting would be defeated by the tirade of a speaker from the gallery, who seemed to sympathize with the murder of Lovejoy. But Phillips turned the tide by his earnest oratory that for an hour held the people spellbound. This has been spoken of as "an exceptional triumph of oratory under adverse conditions and it will stand among the very few instances when the speaking man, and his personality behind his words, have together been stronger than the collective mind of a multitude." "But what a pity such a brilliant man should waste his talents on an unpopular cause!" many of those who heard the thrilling oration said as they left the hall.

The young orator realized that the cause of abolition would not prosper simply by reason of such fiery speeches. There was hard work to be done which would require long years of individual consecration. To this work he resolved to give himself. He would speak when there was occasion to speak. He would work quietly with individuals, or help to organize antislavery societies in country towns or do anything that Garrison, the recognized leader of the abolition movement, should deem wise. While not in entire sympathy with all of Garrison's methods, he was in hearty accord with Garrison's purpose, and he was always ready to work with him.

Mrs. Phillips' failing health caused an interruption of two years in the work of the reformer. During these years, which were spent in Europe, Phillips never lost sight of the movement to which he had pledged his life.

When he returned to America he plunged once more into the thick of the fight. He went on the lecture platform, travelling from city to city, delivering addresses on many subjects. One of his lectures—on "The Lost Arts"—was "probably the most popular discourse of any kind that belonged to the lecture age." It was his habit to give one lecture on some popular theme as "a means of gaining a hearing; then, when given a second opportunity, he would give an impassioned lecture on the subject nearest his heart." For twenty-five years he continued this practice. He visited all parts of Massachusetts and surrounding states, forgetting ease and comfort and enduring hardships innumerable, for the sake of the cause.

How far ahead of public sentiment even in Boston Phillips went was seen in 1842 on the occasion of the arrest of a fugitive slave from Virginia. A mass meeting in Faneuil Hall, called that the citizens might express opinion as to the return of such fugitives, was in turmoil; Southern sympathizers refused to allow the abolition speakers to be heard. But Phillips forced the crowd to listen to him. They were indignant when the speaker denounced the Constitution of the United States which permitted the return of a runaway slave.

"This hall cannot rock as it used to with the spirit of liberty. It is chained down by the iron links of the United States Constitution. Many of you, I doubt not, regret to have this man given up, but you cannot help it. There stands the bloody clause in the Constitution—you cannot fret the seal off the bond. The fault is in allowing such a Constitution to live an hour. . . . When I look upon these crowded thousands, and see them trample on their consciences and the rights of their fellow men at the bidding of a piece of parchment, I say my curse be on the Constitution of the United States. . . . Shall our taxes pay men to hunt slaves? Shall we build jails to keep them? . . . The man in a free state who helps to hunt slaves is no more than a bloodhound."

Only a speaker of extraordinary power would have dared to be anything but conciliatory in the presence of such hostile hearers. But it was Phillips' custom to thunder out his invectives and his distasteful statements. Some of the listeners would be convinced in spite of themselves, before the torrent of words was finished.

One fruit of the meeting was the calling of a convention which asked the Massachusetts legislature, together with other things, to prepare amendments to the Federal Constitution that should "forever separate the people of the state from all connection with slavery."

That suggestion of dissolving the Union—now formulated for the first time in the North—became the key-note of Phillips' addresses. He stood on the resolution of the American Antislavery Society, made soon after, which declared "that secession from the United States Constitution is the duty of every abolitionist; since no one can take office under the United States Constitution without violating his antislavery principles, and rendering himself an abettor of the slaveholder in his sin." Phillips ordered his own life according to the resolution, refusing to vote as he had already refused to practice law under the Constitution. Moreover, he insisted that the abolition cause must not look for success by legislation. The only adequate legislation, he believed, would come after the secession of the free states from the Union.

Comparatively few were ready to agree with Phillips' battle cry, "Take Massachusetts out of the Union," yet the burning messages with which this cry was urged had a marvellous effect in shaping the events which finally forced a solution of the problem.

The solution came much sooner than Phillips and his associates thought possible. They looked forward to the necessity of an agitation for generations, perhaps. But secession came, and the declaration of war. During the years of the war Phillips supported the North. When the war was over he entered the campaign for amendments to the Constitution which made slavery impossible and gave rights of citizenship to the freedmen. As president of the Antislavery Society—which Garrison wished to dissolve in 1865, on the plea that its work was done—he did yeoman service in shaping the policy of the nation.

During the thirty years of his public service he paid his own expenses, consistently refusing to put in his own pocket funds contributed for antislavery purposes. He was not in the fight to make a living, but to make his life count for righteousness.

When the way seemed clear, the American Society was disbanded, on April 9, 1870. Then the man who had given his life to the cause said:

"Our work as an organization is accomplished, our pledge redeemed, our promise fulfilled, and we have nothing to do but to thank God and to throw our exertions henceforth into channels more fitting the hour which dawns upon us."

Although Phillips was now nearly sixty years old, he was not ready to retire. He felt that still there was work to be done. To a friend who urged him to take his ease, he replied, "Now that the field is won, do you sit by the camp-fire, but I will put out into the underbrush."

For more than thirteen years he thundered in favour of many reforms; perhaps he paid most attention to the temperance cause. While his methods in advocating these reforms were not always considered sound by many conscientious people, he did much to mold public sentiment. He died February 2, 1884.

The key-note of the life of this apostle of freedom was stated in his valedictory in the *Liberator*, December 29, 1865:

"Better to be in a minority with God—branded as madman, incendiary, fanatic . . . mobbed by the populace, in defense of the Right, than like Herod, hearing the shouts of a multitude crying, 'It is the voice of a god and not of a man.'"

VIII

How Thackeray Conquered Himself

Chapters in the Life of a Famous Novelist

ONE day in 1818 an English woman was much troubled because her husband's hat fitted the head of her seven-year-old nephew. She hastened to an eminent physician. She feared that something was radically wrong. The physician reassured her, saying that the head was large, but that it had a good deal in it. The truth of his words was proved nearly fifty years later, when the brain in that large head was found to weigh fifty-eight and a half ounces.

The large head belonged to William Makepeace Thackeray, destined to become one of the world's greatest novelists, who was born in India, July 18, 1811. Owing to the death of his father, he was sent to England when he was six years old. There he grew to manhood and did his life-work.

Little is known of the life of the boy William till he entered the famous old Charterhouse, a school for boys in the heart of London. Of his experience there we have a few glimpses through letters written to relatives by the student, and through "Pendennis," one of the novels that made the name of Thackeray famous. In the experiences of the boy Pendennis, it is believed, the author gave reminiscences of his own boyhood, especially of his school life.

In one of his letters this reference is made to his school life:

"I really think I am becoming terribly industrious, though I can't get Dr. Russell to think so. It is so hard, when you endeavour to work hard, to find your attempts nipped in the bud. . . . There are but 370 in the school. I wish there were only 369."

Dr. Russell was the original of the portrait of the teacher in "Pendennis," who said to the hero:

"Pendennis, sir, your idleness is incorrigible, and your stupidity beyond example. You are a disgrace to your school and to your family, and I have no doubt will prove so in after-life to your country. . . . Miserable trifler! A boy who construes '*de*,' 'and,' instead of '*de*,' 'but,' at sixteen years of age, is guilty not merely of folly and ignorance and dullness inconceivable, but of crime, of filial ingratitude, which I tremble to contemplate. A boy, sir, who does not learn his Greek play cheats the parent who spends money for his education. A boy who cheats his parents is not very far from robbing or forging upon his neighbour. A man who forges on his neighbour pays the penalty of his crime at the gallows. And it is not such a one that I pity (for he will be deservedly cut off), but his maddened and heart-broken parents, who are driven to a premature grave by his crimes, or, if they live, drag on a wretched and dishonoured old age. Go on, sir, and I warn you that the very next mistake that you make shall subject you to the punishment of the rod."

Perhaps there was some justification for the doctor's faultfinding. Those who knew Thackeray in school testified that he was not very studious. He was bright, and he went through with his work as easily as possible. His copy of Horace, preserved for many years, was said to be "clean, beautifully clean, unthumbed, unsoiled—what second-hand dealers describe as 'in fine condition.'"

However, books were not neglected for the sake of sport. The boy seemed to care nothing for games. He was fonder of writing poetry than of playing cricket. He enjoyed looking on as others played, but play seemed to have been left out of his make-up.

Yet in spite of his tendency to slight his lessons he was popular with the teachers, and in spite of his distaste for sport he was popular among his companions. Nobody could help liking him, he was such a jolly companion, such a lover of fun. Whether he was exercising his satirical gifts at the expense of some teacher or fellow student, or writing a take-off on a popular poem, he was irresistible.

His first literary effort of which there is any record was a parody on a popular sentimental poem, "Violets! deep-blue violets." He began his effusion, "Cabbages! bright-green cabbages!" The third stanza of "Violets" read:

> "And when the grave shall open for me—
> I care not how soon that time may be—
> Never a rose shall bloom on my tomb;
> It breathes too much of hope and bloom;
> But let me have there the meek regret
> Of the bending and deep-blue violet."

For this sentimental twaddle the schoolboy substituted:

> "And when the dinner-bell sounds for me—
> I care not how soon that time may be—
> Carrots shall never be served on my cloth;
> They are far too sweet for a boy of my broth;
> But let me have there a mighty mess
> Of smoking hot beef and cabbages."

As a schoolboy Thackeray was a spendthrift; money burned a hole in his pocket. He himself told of the sorrow caused by one bit of extravagance. When he was twelve years old, he was to go to his mother's for the holidays. His tutor gave him five shillings for himself and twenty-five shillings to be handed to his stepfather. His own money was spent at once without a thought for the needs of the journey. Then came meal-time. He was hungry. He knew he ought not to touch his stepfather's money. But he spent fourpence for food and felt miserable all the way home. Once there he lost no time in confessing and seeking forgiveness.

Thackeray very soon realized that his besetting sins were idleness and luxury, and he tried to overcome them. Only a year or two before his death he said to a friend: "I never take up my pen without an effort. I work only from necessity. I never walk without seeing some pretty useless thing which I want to buy. Sometimes I pass the same shop-window every day for months, and resist the temptation, and think I am safe; then comes the day of weakness, and I yield."

Thackeray was nineteen when he went to Cambridge. He did not take his degree, but after two years at Trinity College went to Germany for further training. Then he entered himself as a student of law at the Middle Temple. The law had no attraction for him; so he left the Temple as soon as he became twenty-one. Perhaps his reasons for taking this step are revealed in this picture in "Pendennis":

"On the other side of the third landing . . . till long after midnight sits Mr. Paley, who took the highest honours, and who is a fellow of his college, who will sit and read and note cases until two o'clock in the morning; who will rise at seven and be at the pleaders' chambers as soon as they are open, where he will work until an hour before dinner-time; who will come from hall and read and note cases again until dawn next day."

Thackeray was ready to be industrious, but this was not the sort of industry that appealed to him. He thought he would be a newspaper man; so he bought *The National Standard*, conducted it for a time, and sank in the venture almost all of his inherited property. Several other misfortunes took the remainder. A second newspaper with which he was connected as Paris correspondent paid him £400 a year. On this amount he felt rich enough to marry. Six months later the paper suspended publication, and he was once more penniless.

Then came the real beginning of his literary career. Under the spur of necessity he wrote scores of newspaper and magazine articles, seldom using his own name, but choosing a number of fantastic *noms de plume.* Later he realized that by so doing he made a mistake; public recognition was comparatively slow in coming to him, for the public did not know his work. Yet he felt that he had no choice. Publishers would not use too many articles by the same contributor. He had to have money for many articles. So he made himself into many men.

In 1840 he was contributing a longer article than usual to *Frazer's Magazine*, "A Shabby Genteel Story." It had reached its ninth chapter, and the people were beginning to realize that the author was a man to be reckoned with, when the installments were interrupted. The story was never completed.

Only Thackeray's intimate friends knew the explanation, which was not given to the general public until seventeen years later. Mrs. Thackeray became melancholy and then hopelessly insane. Soon his home was broken up. Mrs. Thackeray retired to a country village, where she was under the care of nurses for more than half a century. Death came to her relief in 1894, more than thirty years after her husband passed away.

Thackeray was crushed. His home had been everything to him. The foundations of his life seemed to be removed. He was unable to complete the work on which he had been engaged when his wife became ill. But it was more than ever necessary to write in order to meet the increased bills for the support of those dependent on him. From that day he gave himself to the task of earning enough money to make secure the future of his loved ones. Often he worked beyond his strength. Probably his death was hastened by the extreme tension under which he worked for the rest of his life.

But he never was too busy to care for his children. He talked to them of their mother by the hour. On their birthdays he would take them to the Colosseum. Again they would go to the Zoological Gardens or to the Exhibition. He had always had a warm place in his heart for children, but from the day his wife was taken from the home he was devoted to them.

Few things touched him so much as the needs of children, and those that ministered to these needs were heroes to him. Once, when he was lecturing in America, Croker, the famous chief of Tammany Hall, died. The name of the man was hateful to Thackeray until he learned that the politician had once begged his wife to fetch from the city a number of homeless children that they might stay in the country over Sunday. "They will destroy your flower-beds and upset my inkstands," he said, "but we can help them more than they can hurt us."

The thought of his wife was always with him. Once he gave a glimpse of his thoughts of her when he wrote:

"Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless heart as tender as true, and reckon among the blessings which heaven hath bestowed on thee the love of faithful women? Purify thine own heart, and try to make it worthy of theirs. All the prizes of life are nothing compared to that one. All the rewards of ambition, wealth, pleasure, only vanity and disappointment, grasped at greedily and fought for fiercely, and over and over again found worthless by the weary winners."

Misfortune had a softening effect on Thackeray's life. "His fortune lost, his talents unrecognized, except in a very small circle, his second child dead, his beloved wife taken from him!" his biographer exclaims. "The great sorrow chastened his soul, and made his later writings more sympathetic than his earlier; and the only use he made of his grand power of sarcasm was to chide, nearly always with gentle hand, the follies of his fellow men, in the endeavour to show them the path of honour, virtue, goodness, and mercy, which he himself endeavoured to follow."

His new gentleness was apparent when his name was put up for membership in the Athenæum Club. He was blackballed by one member, probably because of his satirical writings. Thackeray took the rejection in good part. He said:

"There must be thousands of men to whom the practice of ridicule must be very offensive; doesn't one see such in society, and in one's own family? persons whom nature has not gifted with a sense of humour. Such a man would be wrong not to give me a blackball. . . . May we all be honest fellows, and keep our heads from too much vanity."

For years Thackeray did not have much opportunity to be vain. In spite of magazine articles, and his contributions to *Punch*, and his drawings, —he was an artist of ability, as his illustrations of his own novels show,—in 1846, when he was thirty-five years old, he "was unknown outside literary circles and his own friends." In that year he wrote "Vanity Fair," which was published in twenty monthly parts. The publishers paid him fifty guineas for each part. The public bought eagerly. The reviewers received the book graciously. *The Edinburgh Review* said the work was "as sure of immortality as ninety-nine-hundredths of modern novels are sure of annihilation." Thackeray had come into his own. Later novels like "The Newcomes," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," only increased his fame and fortune.

But fortune was not increasing fast enough for the husband and father. For the sake of wife and children he listened to those who suggested that he go on the lecture platform. He conquered his timidity and lectured in England. Then he conquered his desire to stay with his daughters, and went to America. In both countries his lectures were successful.

In America he won the hearts of the people, in spite of the statement made by a New York paper in announcing the news of his coming, "He'll come and humbug us, eat our dinners, pocket our money, and go home and abuse us, like Dickens." Americans were prepared to dislike him, but they liked him so much they made a second tour seem desirable. They soon came to realize that he was not among them simply to pocket their money.

If there was any doubt on this point, it would have been removed by his action after a series of lectures given under contract with a young man, who lost heavily by the bargain. On the day of sailing for home, when it would be too late to return the check, Thackeray returned to him one-fourth of the amount received according to his contract. He understood that this would cover the young man's losses.

Fortunately for the world, Thackeray did not remain a lecturer. The rest of his life was given to writing. He did make two attempts to enter political life, as secretary of legation at Washington, and as member of Parliament for Oxford; but in both attempts he failed.

The Oxford attempt is worthy of more than passing mention, because it emphasized at least two of the strong points in his character—his humility, and his love of fair play. Soon after the beginning of his canvass he wrote to Charles Dickens, whose novels were much more popular than his own, "Come down and make a speech, and tell them who I am; for I doubt whether more than two of the electors have ever heard of me, and I think there may be as many as six or eight who have heard of you."

On another occasion, he saw from the window of his hotel a crowd hustling and hooting some of his opponent's supporters. He hurried to the street, and plunged into the midst, defending as best he could the supporters of his opponent, although by so doing he antagonized his own friends.

After the defeat at Oxford, Thackeray devoted himself to his writing even more assiduously than before. The public reaped the benefit of his activity, but he paid the penalty. "I have taken too many crops out of my brain," he once said to a friend. "I would like to rest my head in some quiet corner," he said to another.

In 1860 he wrote to an old school friend: "The carriage is going down-hill, isn't it? Mine is, after having had some pleasant travelling, after being well-nigh upset, after being patched up again, after being robbed by footpads, etc., etc. The terminus can't be far off—a few years more or less. I wouldn't care to travel over the ground again, though I have had some pleasant days and dear companions."

To a friend who was leaving England, Thackeray gave a book in which he had written a prayer that he might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God or the love of man, that he might never propagate his own prejudices or pander to those of others, that he might always speak the truth with his pen, and that he might never be actuated by a love of greed.

On the morning of December 24, 1863, the novelist was found dead in bed. He had passed away during the night.

And the world mourned. But the world's mourning could not be so deep as that of his friends. The world mourned the death of a writer. His friends mourned also because one had gone from their sight whose kindly, gentle, generous heart had made the hearts of others lighter and their days brighter.

With gratitude they recalled how, only a few months before his death, he had responded to a call to make an address at a public meeting. This was to be held in the interest of the mill-workers who were suffering because of the scarcity of cotton caused by the Civil War in America. He was confined to his room by illness when the meeting was planned. But, when he was told that his name and presence would mean much to the effort, he responded in spite of disability.

They remembered his generous appreciation of the genius of others. Once, after reading a new poem by Tennyson, he said, "I would have paid fifty pounds for that poem" (for publication in *The Cornhill Magazine*, of which he was then editor), "but I would have given five hundred pounds to have been able to write it."

They spoke to one another of his love for children, evidenced in countless ways. Here is an instance: "One day at the Exhibition of 1862 he stopped a procession of schoolgirls, and exclaimed: 'Four and twenty little girls! They must have four and twenty bright little sixpences.'"

They spoke of his readiness to help the unfortunate. Once he heard of an old acquaintance who was in reduced circumstances. He climbed to her lofty abode, talked with the woman, and slipped a hundred-pound note into a blotting-book. She found it when he was gone.

Again, while travelling, he was seen to write on the lid of a pill-box, "One to be taken occasionally." "He was asked what he was doing," his biographer says. "'Well,' he explained, 'there is an old person here who says she is very ill and in distress, and I strongly suspect that this is the sort of medicine she wants. Dr. Thackeray intends to leave it with her himself.' In the box, the pills had been replaced by napoleons."

But perhaps it was in the old Charterhouse School that most stories were told of his kindly heart. In the days of his prosperity he was a frequent visitor to the institution where he had spent a large part of his boyhood. He was welcomed there by masters and boys alike, for he always brought with him gifts for the boys and helpful messages for all.

While the grave of Thackeray at Kensal Green is marked by a stone that bears a simple record, Charterhouse School honours his memory by a more pretentious epitaph. This is engraved at the head of the bed on which he died. In this bed the head gownboy of the school is privileged to sleep. He gains inspiration from these words above his head:

Hoc lecto recumbens
Obdormivit in Christo
Gulielmus Makepeace Thackeray
IX Kal. Janvar: An. MDCCCLXIV.
Scholæ Carthusianæ Quondam Discipulus.
Matura Ætate Hujusce Loci Amantis Sinius,
Uti testantur ejus scripta
Per orbem terrarum divulgata.
Vixit Annos LII.

Editors and Publishers

IX

From Errand Boy to Publisher

William Chambers, First Publisher for the Masses

IN SCOTLAND, one hundred years ago, it was not so easy for a poor man's son to secure an education as it is to-day. So when William Chambers,—son of an impecunious tradesman of Perth and born April 16, 1800,—started to school he knew that he must make the most of his slender opportunities. He had only a few short terms in a private school where the tuition was two shillings a quarter. Here, in company with his brother Robert, who was two years younger, he managed to lay the foundation for a training that later enabled him to take his place as a leader in Scotland. But first he had many long years of struggle and trial.

One of the most ardent of his boyish longings was for books. There were a few volumes in his father's cottage, and on these he feasted. A few more were secured from a small circulating library kept by a bookseller in the town, who supplemented the slender revenue from his shop by keeping a cow which was stabled close beside the book shelves.

The volumes secured from him were read by the boys "in concert," one holding the book, the other looking on, one having the privilege of turning the pages. Still other books were secured by whittling toys; schoolboy friends who had more books than they were glad to exchange volumes they thought dull for the work of the clever whittlers, and for a time the room occupied by the brothers was more like a workshop than a sleeping apartment.

The boys' father was also a book-lover. Although he had not enough money to care for his family properly, he was able to secure a set of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" at a bargain. There was no place but the attic to store it, so it was packed away there in a chest. The brothers found the books, and for weeks spent all their spare time with the new treasures. One of them afterwards wrote: "What the gift of a whole toy shop would have been to most children, this book was to me. I plunged into it. I roamed through it like a bee. I hardly could be patient enough to read any one article while so many others remained to be looked into. I pitied my companions who remained ignorant of what became to me familiar knowledge. What a year that was to me, not merely in intellectual enjoyment, but in mental formation! I believe it was my eleventh, for before I was twelve misfortunes had taken the book from us to help in satisfying creditors."

When everything was sold to satisfy the creditors, the Chambers family moved to Edinburgh, where they lived for a time in one of the old tenements which are to-day among the surprises of the visitor to the city. This was the beginning of "the Dark Ages," as the season of abject want became known in the family. Now the boys were able to satisfy their appetite for reading only by looking in booksellers' windows, or glancing for a few moments at books picked up from their stock.

It was not strange that when it was decided that William must go to work to help the family, he looked to a book-shop establishment. When he was fourteen he was apprenticed for five years at a shop where, for the first year, he was expected to light the fire, take off and put up the shutters, clean and prepare the oil lamps, sweep and dust the shop, and run all the errands. When he had nothing else to do he was permitted to stand behind the counter, but he was not allowed, under any circumstances, either to sit down or to read.

The pay was four shillings a week. It was not such a difficult matter to make this suffice for the needs of a growing boy when he could live at home, but when, during the second year of his apprenticeship, the family removed from the city and it became necessary to pay for board, lodging and clothes out of one dollar a week, the problem became quite complicated. He found a widow who was willing to let him have a bed—one of the strange closet beds, like a cupboard in the wall, still common in Scotland—cook for him and allow him to sit by her fireside, for eighteen pence a week. The remaining half-crown of his wages had to do for food and clothes.

The life was hard, and the days were long, but William did not complain. When he was tempted to wish that some one would befriend him, he reminded himself—as he stated the thought in later years—that "the visionary expectation of aid paralyzes exertion and consumes valuable time that might properly be devoted to individual effort." And when he was weary from the tasks put upon him by the bookseller, he stopped to realize that he needed the drill—"harsh, no doubt, but it is difficult to see how, without some kind of vigorous training, youth is to grow into manhood with a proper conception of a number of commonplace but important obligations." He took for his own the motto he saw every day over the door of a house he passed, "He that tholes overcomes," "to thole" meaning "to bear with patience."

But if he was not allowed to read in the shop, he was permitted to take books home. The opportunity for reading came, not so much in the evenings, when lights were needed, but early in the long summer mornings. Weary from the miles of walking on errands for his employer, the healthy boy was tempted to sleep rather than to read, but he overruled his laziness and forced himself to rise at five o'clock. In this way he learned French, and read a number of solid books, taking notes of his reading for future reference.

The problem of making ends meet was partly solved when he learned of a baker who was passionately found of reading, but was unable to find time for it. William arranged to go to the bakery at five every morning and read aloud to him and his two sons. "Behold me, then," the bookseller's apprentice says in his autobiography, "quitting my lodgings before five o'clock in the winter mornings, and pursuing my way across the town. The scene of operations was a cellar of confined dimensions, reached by a flight of steps descending from the street, and possessing a small back window immediately beyond the baker's kneading board. Seated on a folded-up sack in the sole of the window, with a book in one hand and a penny candle stuck in a bottle near the other, I went to work for the amusement of the company. My services as a reader for two and a half hours every morning were unfailingly recompensed by a donation of the anticipated roll, with which, after getting myself brushed of the flour, I went on my way to shop opening."

In 1818 William set Robert up in business. It had been the hope of the family to make a minister of the boy, but it proved impossible to educate him. So, when he was sixteen, he was put in charge of a second-hand book-stall on Leith Walk, his stock in trade being about twelve feet of the family's books, including his own old school-books. The rent of the shop was six pounds a year. William was able, out of the money saved from his four shillings a week, to buy the material for shelving the shop. Then, in a room attached to the place, he took up his quarters, removing from the house of the widow where he had been sheltered so long.

A year later, when the elder brother's apprenticeship was at an end, he resolved to begin business on his own account. Renting a small shop near that of his brother he spent five shillings, all his possessions, for timber and nails for his shelving. Then he began to cast about for a stock in trade. Where was he to get it? He could not go home for it; his brother's venture had drained the little home library.

The problem was solved unexpectedly. Learning of a travelling agent for a London publisher who wished a little help in arranging his stock for a book auction, he offered his services without a thought of reward. The agent, discovering his ambition to be a bookseller, surprised him by offering him fifty pounds' worth of cheap books on credit. The offer was gladly accepted, and so the little store was started.

Within six months the account was paid and William was prospering, as his brother had prospered before him. Yet it was only by the utmost care that any profit could be made. The shifts resorted to are illustrated by this bit from the autobiography:

"As my sales were to a large extent new books in boards, I felt that the charge made for the boarding of these was an item that pressed rather heavily upon me. Why, thought I, should I not buy the books in sheets, and put them in boards myself? It is true I had not been taught the art of bookbinding, but I had seen it executed in my frequent visits to a bookbinder's shop, and was confident that if I had the proper apparatus I could at least put books in boards; for that was but a rudimentary department of the craft. The articles available for the purpose at length fell in my way. After this I procured my books in sheets, which I forthwith folded, sewed and otherwise prepared to my satisfaction, thereby saving on an average threepence to fourpence a volume, my only outlay being in the material employed."

The work was done on rainy days when—owing to the fact that business was attracted largely by the presence of the shelves of books outside the shop—there was little selling to be done.

But why should he not go a step further, and print his sheets as well as bind them? The thought would have staggered a less resourceful man, but William Chambers was not to be staggered. He knew nothing of printing, and he had no means with which to acquire anything but the most modest plant.

His opportunity came when he found a man who wished to sell a press which he had built for his own use; it stood on a table, and worked with a jangling and creaking noise that might be heard two houses off. For type he had thirty pounds of worn-out brevier, which had been used for years in the printing of a newspaper. The entire outfit cost three pounds!

After practicing a while at typesetting he decided to print a small volume of the songs of Robert Burns. "My progress in compositorship was at first slow," he wrote. "I had to feel my way. A defective adjustment of the lines to a uniform degree of tightness was my greatest trouble, but this was got over. The art of working my press had next to be acquired, and in this there was no difficulty. After an interval of fifty years I recollect the delight I experienced in working off my first impression—the pleasure since of seeing hundreds of thousands of sheets pouring from machines in which I claim an interest being nothing to it. Little by little I got through the small volume. It was a tedious drudgery. With my limited font I could set up no more than eight small pages, forming the eighth part of a sheet. After printing the first eight I had to distribute the letters and set up the second eight, and so on throughout a hundred pages. Months were consumed in the operation. The number of copies printed was 750, to effect which I had to pull the press 20,000 times. But labour cost nothing. I set the type in the intervals of business, particularly during wet weather, when the stall could not be put out, and the presswork was executed late at night or early in the morning. The only outlay worth speaking of for the little volume was that incurred for paper, which I was unable to purchase in greater quantities than a few quires at a time, and therefore at a considerable disadvantage in price."

After paying all expenses, the enterprising publisher cleared nine pounds by the work. Part of these profits were expended for new type, while several fonts of wood type were cut by dint of much labour. Then he was ready to accept orders for small bits of printing for other tradesmen.

Of course the next step was to write the books he printed and bound and sold. In this he followed the example of his brother Robert, who had already begun to make a name by preparing books of special interest to the antiquarian; he told of the traditions of old Edinburgh in such a way that his books are standard to-day. Sir Walter Scott became interested in him, as well as in the older brother, and was their warm friend as long as he lived.

The brothers performed a great service for Edinburgh and all Scotland by putting out in cheap form a great deal of literature that must otherwise have remained out of the reach of the common people. They published, in addition to books written by themselves and others, *Chambers' Journal*, a popular weekly, and *The Penny Magazine*.

But their greatest service was the completion and publishing of a great encyclopedia which should do for people of moderate means something of what the "Encyclopedia Britannica," found in the home attic when they were boys, had done for them. "Chambers' Encyclopedia" was published when the brothers were more than sixty years old, and it had an immense sale, both in England and America. So popular was it that a revised edition was called for after the death of the publishers.

Robert lived to enjoy years of prosperity. He died in 1870. William lived until 1883. Both were earnest Christian men. Robert was more quiet in his ways, owing, in part, to lameness, but William became quite prominent in public affairs. When he was sixty-five he was chosen lord provost of the city in which he had been almost a beggar fifty years before. During his four years in office he remade the city's sanitary arrangements, and restored St. Giles Cathedral at his own expense. On the day of his death an offer of a baronetcy came to him from the king.

The apprentice boy who had struggled through four years on an income of four shillings a week had made good.

X

Working His Way to the Editor's Chair

Glimpses of the Life of Horace Greeley

ON a gloomy Monday morning in the year 1820 the occupants of a poor little cottage on a stony New Hampshire farm were startled by the appearance of some strange men who proceeded to take possession of furniture, clothing, farming implements and cattle. The explanation was made that creditors had attached these few poor possessions of the father for debt. A white-haired boy of nine, clad only in shirt and trousers, both of homespun, looked on in wonder and distress. At last he realized that the day was the beginning of a new chapter of hardship. As he was used to hardship, he was not especially disturbed, but resolved to give his best efforts to helping the members of the household out of their difficulties.

The white-haired boy was Horace Greeley, who was born February 3, 1811. Almost as soon as he was able to walk he became a helper of his father in his efforts to make a home in an inhospitable spot. At five he dropped corn and killed insects while his father hoed. Soon it became his duty to "ride horse to plough." "Occasionally," as he wrote, many years later, "the plough would strike a fast stone, and bring up the team all standing, pitching me over the horse's head, and landing me three to five feet in front."

He was only ten when he became one of his father's two assistants in clearing for a neighbour a tract of fifty acres of wild land. They began in early spring, when the water and slush were knee-deep. The task was so great that men who understood such work declared that the boys who helped their father would be grown men before the tract was ready for the plough. The constant exposure to thistles made this and other farm work especially trying to Horace. Night after night he had to submit to the torture of having the spines dug out of his feet.

Mrs. Greeley, although frequently busy on the farm, where she raked and hoed, or even loaded the hay wagons, had time to tell stories to her children and help them with their studies. From her, Horace early learned to read, and reading soon became a passion. His father's Bible and a few other volumes were devoured, and then neighbours lent him what they had; finally long walks were taken to surrounding towns in search of other material. A book was nearly always in his hands, from early morning till late at night. During the day, if at all possible, he carried a volume as he went to his work; at night, after lighting one of a supply of pine knots which he kept for the purpose, he would "put it on the backlog in the spacious fireplace, pile up his school-books and his reading books on the floor, lie down on his back on the hearth, with his head to the fire and his feet coiled away out of the reach of stumblers; and there he would lie and read all through the long winter evenings, silent, motionless, dead to the world around him."

School opportunities were limited. Frequently, before he was allowed to go to school, he would have to work from early morning till school time. Early in his first year it was realized that he was an exceptional pupil. He was at the head of his class. Several years later the special privilege of attending school at Bedford, outside of his district, was granted him, the directors voting that "no pupils from other towns should be received, except Horace Greeley alone."

When the little family of father and mother and four children lost their New Hampshire home for debt, a sleigh was borrowed from a neighbour, and into this all were loaded, with their total possessions, and taken to Westhaven, Vermont, where a new home was made in a tiny house rented for sixteen dollars a year. When they looked about them they found that they were to begin life anew with "the clothes they wore, a bed or two, a few —a very few—domestic utensils, an antique chest and one or two other small relics of their former state." During the first winter the family dinner was frequently taken from a five-quart milk can filled with bran porridge, placed on the kitchen floor; everybody dipped from the common dish.

It has been estimated that during the five years at Westhaven Horace's clothes did not cost three dollars per year. His summer dress—"a straw hat, a tow shirt, never buttoned, a pair of trousers made of the family material, and having the peculiarity of being very short in both legs, though shorter in one than the other"—received in winter the addition of a jacket and a rough pair of shoes.

Horace soon made up his mind that he must do something to help his father. From the age of six he determined to be a printer. When he was eleven he walked to Whitehaven, nine miles distant, and applied for work in the little printing-office there, but was sent home because he was too young. There he remained for four years more. At last he saw in the East Poultney *Spectator* an advertisement for a boy. Walking the eleven miles to the office he made his application.

It was a strange apparition that greeted the editor, for Horace was an odd-looking boy. Many who saw him declared that he looked like a fool. Editor Bliss was at first inclined to take the same view, but he did not talk with the applicant long before he decided that he possessed a mind of no common order, and an acquired intelligence far beyond his years. Arrangements were made for an apprenticeship of five years, board only to be given during the first six months; after that forty dollars a year was to be the pay. After a trip home for his clothing, Horace returned with all he owned in a handkerchief carried at the end of a stick slung over his shoulder.

"You're not going to hire that towhead, Mr. Bliss, are you?" was the question of one of the apprentices, who thought him an unlikely candidate for success. But the towhead soon showed them. With such whole-heartedness did he begin his work that at the end of the first week he was able to get on as well as an average boy after a month of service. The next day it was the same; the other apprentices tried to disturb him, but he paid no attention to them. At last, with the remark, "Greeley's hair is too white for a printer," one of them dabbed it four times with a heavily inked ball used upon the type. Unperturbed, the apprentice kept at his work. This conquered the unfriendly boys.

During the years at Poultney young Greeley worked steadily, not taking a single day for fooling or ball-playing. One recreation he did have—the Poultney Debating Society, where he was on equal terms with the editor, the doctor, the clergyman, the judge and other leaders of the community's thought. "He was never treated as a boy in the society, but as a man and an equal," one of the villagers afterwards said.

Soon after the beginning of his apprenticeship, his father moved to Erie County, Pennsylvania. Twice during the four years the dutiful son walked the distance of six hundred miles to the new home and back. When he came away he left with his father practically all of the salary he had received, for he seldom spent anything for clothing.

At length the *Spectator* failed, and he walked home. A catalogue of his possessions at this time is given: "A knowledge of the art of printing, an extensive and very miscellaneous library in his memory, a wardrobe that could be stuffed into a pocket, twenty dollars in cash and a sore leg," the last the result of an accident several years before. The twenty dollars went to his father. The sore leg for a time threatened to interfere seriously with his tramps about the country in search of work, for often it would swell to twice the normal size; but at last it yielded to treatment. The doctor who cured him declared that if he had not been a total abstainer the cure would have been almost an impossibility.

After several ineffectual attempts to secure paying work nearer home, he walked the thirty miles to Erie and was given a case in the office of the *Gazette*. There, during seven months, he drew no wages. His employer finally urged him to take some of the money due him and spend it for clothes, to replace the "outlandish rig" he was wearing, but he replied, "You see, Mr. Sterrett, my father is on a new place, and I want to help him all I can." When he left the office all his wages but six dollars were still due. When he was paid, he retained fifteen dollars for himself and gave the balance to his father.

Determined to make the next venture in New York City, he walked to the Erie Canal, again carrying his bundle at the end of a shoulder stick. By canal-boat and river boat he reached the city of his dreams, with ten dollars in his pocket, the clothes which had attracted so much attention in Erie and his little bundle. To engage board at twenty shillings a week seemed a great risk, but it was the best he could do. Then he began his hunt for work. Up and down New York he trudged, trying office after office, only to be curtly refused on account of his appearance or because he was thought to be a runaway apprentice.

At last, learning of an office where a man was needed, he was on hand soon after five in the morning, and, at the opening hour, was given a chance to set a very small New Testament. On account of technical difficulties that would make an ordinary printer desperate, no one of those to whom the book had been given was willing to keep at it more than a short time. But to the determined Greeley this was a chance not to be despised. It was by far the most difficult work he had ever attempted, but, as he could not afford to make a poor showing, and as the pay was to be in proportion to the amount accomplished each day, he gave himself with ardour to the task in hand. When the proprietor of the office saw him at work, he asked the foreman: "Did you hire that fool? Pay him off to-night, and let him go about his business." But at the end of the day it was found that the new employee had done better work than any of his predecessors, and he was retained.

The work was so difficult and the pay so small that it was necessary to work fourteen hours a day, beginning before breakfast and continuing long after supper. Even then the total earnings were only from five to six dollars a week.

The other workmen could not understand this activity. Soon they arranged to pay a night visit to "The Ghost," as they nicknamed the new printer. "He had no sooner lighted his candle than a ball, made of 'old roller,' whizzed past his ear and knocked over his candle," writes James Parton. "He set it straight again and went on with his work. Another ball, and another, and another, and finally a volley. One hit his stick, one scattered his type and several struck his head." When the fusillade was too great to bear, he turned and good-humouredly said: "Now, boys, don't. I want to work. Please, now, let me alone." How could they continue their pranks after that appeal? If they had known that the extra hours of work were planned in order that there might be more money to send to the father on the Pennsylvania farm they would probably never have annoyed him. But young Greeley was not telling of his sacrifices.

After a period of working for others, he arranged to put his small savings into publishing the first penny paper ever printed, *The Morning Post.* Three weeks the journal lived. Undiscouraged, the weekly *New Yorker* was started, independently.

This bright political paper lived for seven years, but they were seven years of continual struggle with debt. The circulation reached nine thousand, but so many subscribers would not pay their bills that the editor and publisher was nearly distracted, especially as he was now married, and he was therefore trying to pay the expenses of two homes. Urged to discontinue the publication, he said he could not do so in justice to the subscribers who had paid in advance, to whom he could not refund the amounts due. His horror of debt made the situation especially trying. "I would rather be a convict in a state prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt," he said. "Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all."

One by one difficulties disappeared as he became editor, on salary, of *The Jeffersonian*, a political paper. Later he was engaged also in publishing *The Log Cabin*, which reached a circulation of ninety thousand.

His real life-work began April 10, 1841, when he issued the first number of *The New York Tribune.* Success did not come at once, but he fought the obstacles in his way till, in seven weeks, he was issuing eleven thousand copies. He worked sixteen hours a day, and inspired his helpers to give their best services to the paper.

From the beginning, the editor of the *Tribune* was a national figure; soon his reputation was international. It was not, however, until 1848 that he was elected to his first office, a seat in the House of Representatives at Washington. From that time till 1872, when he was the candidate of both the Liberal and Democratic parties for the presidency, receiving nearly three million votes, he devoted his strength to serving his country's interests.

He died only a few weeks after the election. He was sixty-one years old; but he had worked so hard that he seemed an old man.

He has the monument he wished for in the paper he struggled to build up. "I cherish the hope," he once said, "that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, 'Founder of *The New York Tribune*.'"

XI

The Diligent Apprentice Who Became a Publisher

The Struggles of Daniel Macmillan

WHEN Thomas Hughes—the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby"—was asked to write the story of the life of his friend Daniel Macmillan, he gave his reasons for consenting. Daniel Macmillan won his way in spite of poverty and wretched health from the home of a Scotch peasant to the front rank of the publishing business. But this he felt was not reason enough; others have made similar advances in the face of difficulties. The commanding reason that led to the writing of the biography was the fact that Macmillan by his life showed how faith in God "may still lay hold of a man of strong character, and of naturally questioning intellect, and, when it has laid hold, can bear him up triumphantly through a life of poverty and trouble, of constant bodily pain and mental anxiety."

Daniel Macmillan was born on the island of Arran, off the east coast of Scotland, September 13, 1813. Two years later, he was taken to a small farm on the mainland. There, in spite of the poverty of the family, he was sent to school at intervals. But the death of his father when he was ten years old made it necessary that he should go to work. So, on January 1, 1824, he was apprenticed to serve for seven years a bookseller and bookbinder. He was to live with his employer, and was to receive one shilling sixpence a week (or thirty-six cents) for the first year, with an increase of one shilling a week for each of the remaining six years. Of these years of apprenticeship he afterwards said: "I learned to bind books and sell them and buy them, to groom and ride horses, to stain and varnish wood, and very many things not specified in my indentures, for my master was a queer, queer man, and paid more attention to anything than his trade."

Long before the term of his apprenticeship expired, his master was content to leave the business in the lad's charge while he himself attended to other matters, being absent from the town for long periods of time. So satisfactory was the boy's conduct of affairs that the master, on dismissing him from service, was able to endorse on the indentures of apprenticeship, "The said Daniel has served me with diligence, honesty and sobriety, and it is with the utmost confidence I can recommend him as possessing these qualities in a very high degree."

Then the boy of seventeen left home to seek his fortune. It was with a sinking heart that he turned his back on the home which had been made bright for him by the presence of a mother whom he called "the most perfect lady in all Scotland." She was his ideal. "If ever I saw any one with the same tenderness, strength and calmness, the same joyousness of heart, with the same depth, I should instantly fall in love with her," he wrote to his older brother Malcolm, some time after leaving home. The memory of his mother's life and training was to keep him through many difficulties and temptations.

The first signs of ill health that would have wrecked the career of a young man possessed of less determination showed themselves soon after the end of his apprenticeship, when he was employed in a shop at Stirling. He was so weakened by brain fever that he determined to go elsewhere. In Glasgow he went to work for a bookseller who promised to take him into partnership when he had proved his ability to carry on the business. He was so eager to make himself fit for the promotion that he "used to read all the weekly, monthly and quarterly periodicals of any mark—a queer mass of rubbish to lie lumbering in any one's brain." Frequently he worked fourteen or more hours a day, and read and studied until three o'clock in the morning.

By sheer will power he kept himself up. "I strove with all my might against the weakness of my body," he said later, to a friend. But at last he had to give up. "It was no use, I could bear up no longer. I consulted a physician, and he did his best to frighten me. I went home, and was blistered, and all the rest. I soon got stronger." This was his simple way of telling of the struggle of weeks with the weakness that never left him.

His illness had cost him his position in Glasgow, so he resolved to go to London, where a friend, James MacLehose—later a famous Edinburgh publisher—was employed by a bookseller. So, armed with a few letters of introduction, he went by sea from Edinburgh to London.

The story of his search for employment in London as he told it himself is fascinating. Many weary hours he spent tramping from bookseller to bookseller. Most of these men were publishers as well as booksellers; it was his desire to be employed by a publisher, that he might learn all branches of the book business. At many places he was disappointed. Finally he was asked to take a position at £60 a year: cautiously he said he would try the work for a day before giving his decision. He found the young men employed with him were a rough set of fellows, and he learned that he would often be expected to work until five or six o'clock Sunday morning. He was unwilling to take a place where "health, moral and physical, must suffer, must give way."

At length he agreed to go to a Cambridge bookseller for thirty pounds a year and board. He disliked to leave the city, but he felt that the moral conditions of the life with a country employer would be far better for him. Very soon he was glad that he had been led to make this decision, for his employer was not only kind, but he did everything possible to aid his clerk in securing a knowledge of the business. The fact that family worship was a regular feature of the life in this employer's home —as it had been in his own home in Scotland— made him all the more content.

For three years he remained at Cambridge, learning the business from beginning to end, making acquaintances who proved valuable to him in future years, industriously reading the best books, doing his best in every way to educate himself. His journal and note-books were full of thoughts and rules "on study and reading" or "meditation and reflection," "fixing the attention," "enlarging the capacity of the mind," "improving the memory."

At length he determined to go back to London, and make another attempt to secure employment there. He felt that he was worth more than the thirty-five pounds he was then receiving, that he had learned most of what a Cambridge store could teach him, and that it would, perhaps, be best to leave a position where he was sought out by many of the customers from the colleges, who would pass by his employer and seek him out, in a way that could not but be disagreeable to the employer.

But again sickness interfered with his plans. For three months he was unable to return to work. The time was spent in Scotland, part of it at the home of Professor George Wilson, a man who was bravely doing his work in spite of a continuous struggle with ill health even greater than that of the young bookseller.

When able to work again, his friend MacLehose wrote from London, telling him of a situation in the same house where the writer himself was employed. The pay at the beginning was to be sixty pounds. Eagerly he began work in his new situation, from the first giving entire satisfaction to his employers.

The years that followed were full of struggle with ill health and poverty. His salary, while small, would have been large enough to permit him to save something, but he had to pay large doctor's bills. Then he felt responsible for his younger brother Alexander, who was earning twelve pounds a year as a school-teacher, and for his sister Janet, who was keeping house for him. These two he brought to London. A situation was secured for Alexander in the house where he was himself a clerk. Then, that the brother might live with Janet, he furnished rooms, raising money by the sale of the library he had been accumulating for years. As Janet was soon compelled to return to Scotland, the venture proved unfortunate. Then, with a debt on his hands, Daniel faced the future bravely. In these times of stress and struggle he was sustained by his faith in God, as is evident from an entry in his journal:

"O Lord, give me a stronger and firmer faith in Thy providence, now that I have to struggle with poverty. O God, do Thou strengthen and sustain me. May I cheerfully acquiesce in Thy will. May I look on these painful trials as the discipline of a kind and tender Father. May they have their proper effect. Keep me from fretting, from being tossed and disturbed by proud and wicked thoughts. May there ever be a quiet and heavenly calm in my soul. Give me confidence in Thee. O Lord, if it be possible, if it be Thy will, grant that, by some means or other, I may be delivered from this load. If that is not Thy will, enable me to endure. It is easier to talk of patience than to be patient. May I really be patient. May I really rest on Thine arm, look up to Thee for support, and enjoy Thy smile; even now, when I am tossed by troubled waters."

Before he was twenty-six he had brought a niece to live with him, and was looking forward to introducing a nephew to the London business world. The burden was so heavy that he wrote:

"It is scarcely time for me to be an old man yet, but few fathers feel so serious. Were I to die or lose my health, or to be thrown out of my situation, why, we should all be reduced to beggary in a short time."

Such references as this in his journals and his letters lead his biographer to say:

"Of all men I have known personally he was the one who lived most constantly and consciously eye to eye with death. He became aware when a young man that, at any time, in a few hours, some carelessness,—a chill, wet feet, an incautious meal

—might prove fatal to him; and yet, through it all, with blisters, setons, caustic always going, he . . . retained to the last a joyousness in his intercourse with his family and friends which made it almost impossible to realize upon how frail a thread his life hung. . . . There was something in this man's personal qualities and character, apart from his great business ability, which takes him out of the ordinary category—a touch, in fact, of the rare quality we call heroism."

The source of this heroism was his belief in the resurrection, which he expressed so well when he wrote to MacLehose:

"Perhaps you have heard that Malcolm, my Stirling brother, is what is called dead. His earthly life has been for many years a sort of death struggle which he has now got rid of and become really alive."

One who knew Macmillian at this period once gave a remarkable opinion of him:

"He was one of a group of young men of much promise and intelligence, who resided with us or were frequent visitors at our home. But undoubtedly the men of most mark whom I then knew were David Livingstone and Daniel Macmillan, and although the former has since obtained the greater celebrity . . . there was a quiet, steady, reserved thoughtfulness about Macmillan which made all that he said worth hearing and a general amiability of character which was very winning."

The clouds began to break in 1843, when Daniel found an opportunity to open a small independent business in a small shop on a side street not far from the publishing centre. Alexander, then earning £80 a year, was put in charge of the shop while the older brother continued for a time with his old employer, who was paying him £130 a year. By great care and prudence, the brothers managed to make ends meet, and there was hope that the venture would in time prove profitable.

Yet something more seemed desirable. Daniel felt that he must get a start in the publishing business. He did not see how the way was to be opened. But it was opened in an unexpected manner. He wrote a letter of appreciation to Archbishop Hare, author of a book that had appealed to him. In the course of the correspondence that followed he told of his desire to help form the character of country boys who were continually coming from the country to London, by furnishing them useful literature. His correspondent sympathized with his purpose, and at first proposed the publication of a newspaper of which Daniel should be the editor. Later he proposed to help him get on his feet in the book publishing business. When Daniel found an opening at Cambridge, his friend encouraged him to buy the stock of the retiring bookseller, offering to lend him £500. For a time Daniel conducted the Cambridge business alone, but soon ill health made it necessary to close the London shop that Alexander might be with him. This was the real beginning of the great publishing house of Macmillan and Company.

From the first the young man determined to make this work count on the side of truth. "I shall be sure that God is leading me before I move another step in this matter," was a characteristic utterance of Daniel, which showed the spirit of the firm. When Daniel found in the stock bought from his predecessor in the shop books whose influence was not good, he burned them rather than run the risk of hurting any young man who might be attracted by them. It was important to pay his way, but unless he could pay his way by an honourable life he preferred to remain in debt.

The new business prospered. Within two or three years the brothers had a large trade, and were beginning the publication of the sound, helpful books which Daniel had dreamed of putting in the hands of struggling seekers after truth.

As the business grew, it became necessary to bring apprentices into the shop. Naturally the thought of the brothers turned to young men who, like themselves, came from Scotland. To one of these young men Daniel gave a list of the duties connected with the new position he was to occupy which is worth study by beginners to-day.

"1. It will be needful to come to work punctually at seven o'clock every morning. This is a point we lay great stress on.

"2. We shall expect you to do the day's work in the day—that is, to see all the orders executed, all the letters answered, all the books that come in daily cleared away in the day, and all the books posted daily.

"3. Never to stay longer than an hour to breakfast, an hour to dinner, and half an hour to tea. We shut up at eight in the winter, and are anxious that the work should be pressed forward in the day so as to leave as soon after the shop shuts as possible."

Seven years after the beginning of the Cambridge venture, Daniel was married. But he did not live long in his new home. In 1857, after seven years more of almost superhuman struggle with disease, he said, "I am too tired!" Then he began to live, as his brother Malcolm had begun seventeen years before.

For nearly forty years after the death of his older brother Alexander Macmillan carried on the business in the spirit of those first years—first in Cambridge, then in London. In all his work he was upheld by dependence on God to whom the brother had gone. Day by day his faith was expressed in the words of his favourite hymn,—as it had been the favourite of his father and his brother—

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed."

Inventors

XII

The Builder of the First American Locomotive

How Matthias Baldwin Made Good

A COMPANY of Philadelphia boys were going home from school one day about one hundred years ago, when they saw, near a new building, a pile of fresh, clean shingles. "What splendid material for whittling!" they thought. Then each took a shingle. History does not tell what happened to the shingles appropriated by his companions, but it does tell the facts about that taken home by Matthias Baldwin. He was so eager to use his knife on the bit of wood that he hurried home. Like a dutiful son, he showed his treasure to his mother, who insisted on knowing where he had found it. After she had talked with him about the sin of taking what did not belong to him, he lost all interest in the wonderful things he had proposed to make from the shingle. Nothing would satisfy him but its return to the pile from which he had taken it. His disappointment was severe; but he was already learning that it was wise to be guided by the judgment of a careful mother.

It may seem strange that a single shingle should be so important to the boy. The explanation is simple. Matthias was only four years old when his father died. The property left by him was soon after entirely lost, and the widow found it necessary to toil for the support of her five children. While she was able to provide everything necessary for them, there was no money to spare for such a simple thing as a shingle to be used in whittling.

To Matthias whittling was not the aimless amusement of which most boys are so fond. When he was still quite young he wanted to see useful objects growing under his knife. At first he made toys, some of these being after his own designs, while others were modelled after toys given him by friends; every such gift was carefully taken to pieces for study, and as carefully put together again. When a little older, he gave much thought to inventing labour-saving devices to lighten his mother's work. With a gimlet, a file and a jack-knife, he was able to do wonders.

When Matthias was sixteen he made up his mind that it was time to begin helping his mother in earnest, so he left school, and looked about for a situation. His love of making things pointed the way to the machine shop, but his delicate touch and desire for accuracy in his work turned his thoughts to the shop of a manufacturing jeweller. His biographer thus indicates how he had been preparing himself for just such employment: "From the first the little toys of his construction had been remarkable for their finish. He was never content with a rough machine, which would do its work awkwardly. The finest materials were often called into requisition, and received at his hands a marvellous polish. He had often inspected for hours the mechanism of the watch, and the height of his ambition was to understand its complicated structure."

For five years he served as jeweller's apprentice. His pay was small, but he lived with one of his employers, and so relieved his mother of his support. Little is known of those years of preparation except the two facts that he was a regular attendant at church service and that he would not be persuaded to drink intoxicants, although many of his associates drank.

After several years spent as a journeyman at his trade, young Baldwin went into business for himself, encouraged to do so by customers of his employers who became interested in him as the man who was always called upon when difficult or delicate work was to be done. Careful saving of every dollar not needed for living expenses or for helping his mother had provided the small capital necessary to equip the little shop. But the high expectations with which he began his independent work were not realized. Somehow the demand for the fine jewelry he had been accustomed to make abated. Then he became thoughtful. What was the meaning of this blocking of his plans? "One night," he said to a friend, years later, "I sat down to think my life over, and what account I should give in the day of judgment for all my labours; and I made up my mind I could not bear to say I had spent my time in making gewgaws!"

When business depression and conscience combined to urge a change of employment, the way was clear to arrange to go into partnership with a friend in the manufacture of tools and machines for bookbinding: these had always been imported from Europe. The delicate touch that had characterized the work of the jeweller's apprentice soon led to the making of beautiful designs which revolutionized the bookbinding trade. "The stiff and gloomy appearance of library shelves began to give place to wreaths and rosettes and leaves, surrounding the attractive titles." The manufacture of cylinders for printing calicoes was soon begun, in addition.

The new firm was prosperous, and Mr. Baldwin was able to save money rapidly. Soon he decided that the time had come to carry out a dream of his apprentice days. At that time, when he saw in store windows pictures, and in private libraries books, which were denied to workmen like himself, he began to long for an institution where pictures, books and educational advantages might be given freely to apprentices and workmen. In 1824, after interesting other men whose means were greater than his own, he had the satisfaction of seeing the beginning of the Franklin Institute, which has since given to thousands the opportunities for which, as a boy, Mr. Baldwin longed in vain.

When growing business made a larger factory necessary, it was decided to substitute horse-power for hand and foot power. Horse-power proving unsatisfactory, the best steam engine in the market was installed. Dissatisfied with this, Mr. Baldwin himself designed and made an upright engine. The deft hands of the jeweller did their work so carefully that the engine was not only absolutely noiseless, but satisfied every demand made on it. For forty years it was kept in service, and is still shown to those who visit the immense factory which has grown out of the little shop of Matthias Baldwin.

A second engine, built for the American Sunday-School Union, was used to furnish power for the presses that produced the first Christian literature for the young printed in America.

The success of these first attempts at engine-building brought to the firm so many orders that the factory was soon devoted to engine-building. Attracted by their success, a rival appeared in the field. Coming to Mr. Baldwin with the request that he be told where he secured his iron, and who made his exceptionally good boilers, he was received with generous frankness. "Mr. Baldwin gave him the desired information without a moment's hesitation, with the generous remark that there was room enough for them both."

The next important step in the development of the business was taken in 1831, when the manager of the Philadelphia Museum, desiring to gratify public curiosity on the subject of steam locomotives, asked Mr. Baldwin—who, by the retirement of his partner, had been left to carry on the business alone—to construct a miniature locomotive for exhibition purposes. After a careful study of published descriptions and sketches of locomotives exhibited in England, Mr. Baldwin constructed an engine which was, on April 15, 1831, placed in the museum on a circular track of pine boards, surfaced with hooping.

The officers of the Germantown and Norristown Railway, who operated by horse-power a line six miles long, were encouraged by the success of the model to commission the young locomotive-builder to construct a practical engine for the line. The Camden and Amboy Railroad Company had recently imported a locomotive from England. Mr. Baldwin sought the storehouse in Camden where were the parts, not yet assembled, and "carefully observed the various parts of the machine, made a few measurements and at last crept under the ponderous boiler. Here he remained in absorbed study for nearly half an hour. As he emerged from his retreat, his face was glowing with enthusiasm, and he exclaimed, 'I can make it.'"

And he did succeed in making a practical locomotive, not entirely according to the measurements and details of the Camden model, but introducing many improvements. "The whole work of this memorable pioneer among American locomotives occupied about six months. It was driven forward under a pressure of difficulties which would have disheartened a less determined man. Not the least of these was the lack of any place to do the heavy forging. The only blacksmith shop in the factory was in the cellar, and all the unwieldy work on the engine had to be done in other establishments." The cylinders were bored by a chisel fixed in a block of wood and turned by hand. Mr. Baldwin not only did much of the work with his own hands, but trained the workmen who assisted him, and devised tools at every stage of progress. At length, in spite of obstacles, "Old Ironsides," as the locomotive came to be called, was completed.

The trial trip was gratifying. A speed of twenty-eight miles an hour was developed. The *Philadelphia Chronicle* of November 24, 1832, in rejoicing over the success of the experiment, made the prophecy that the city's mechanics "will hereafter supply nearly all the public works of this description in the country."

Difficulties were not all out of the way, however. The locomotive would not run when the rails were wet, as the use of sand had not yet been thought of as a solution of the difficulty; consequently the advertisement in Paulson's *American Daily Advertiser*, of November 26, 1832, declared that "the locomotive engine will depart daily when the weather is fair, with a train of passenger cars. On rainy days horses will be attached." Another trouble was that "no engineers in the country were prepared to run the new machine. There was only one man in the shop besides Mr. Baldwin who understood her construction well enough to make a successful trip with her. He was taken sick at the beginning of her career. Others were tried, and soon lost all patience with the intricate work. Day after day the president of the road, who insisted from the first that there were radical defects in the machine, threatened to condemn the work, and throw it back on Mr. Baldwin's hands." One of the very few moments of despondency of his whole life was occasioned by the ungracious reception awarded to this machine. In the spring of 1833, when he finally received thirty-five hundred dollars for his work (five hundred dollars less than the contract price) he remarked to one of his apprentices with much decision, "That is our last locomotive."

The depression was only momentary. "Old Ironsides" did its work well. In fact, after many years of hard service, it is still in running order, and is kept in the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

Other locomotives were constructed on improved plans. Before long the demand became so great that a larger factory was needed, and the works were removed to the large site on Broad Street, near the business centre of Philadelphia. Stationary engines were still built, but the time soon came when the attention of the mechanics employed was devoted entirely to locomotives.

There was a temporary check, in 1837, in consequence of business depression. This trying period served only to fit Mr. Baldwin more thoroughly for his life-work, by bringing out the best that was in him. In the history of the Baldwin Locomotive Works it is stated that "his embarrassments became so great that he was unable to proceed, and was forced to call his creditors together for a settlement. After offering to surrender all his property, his shop, tools, house and everything if they so desired—all of which would realize only about twenty-five per cent. of his claims—he proposed to them that they should permit him to go on with the business, and in three years he would pay the full amount of all claims, principal and interest. This was finally acceded to, and the promise was fulfilled, although not without an extension of two years beyond the time originally proposed."

More than fifteen hundred locomotives had been sent out from the works thus saved from failure before the death of the founder in 1866, and the house had made for itself the beginning of the reputation that has enabled the company which has carried on the work ever since to build a dozen locomotives for every one completed by the industrious founder in his thirty-five-years' connection with the industry. To-day, when the great shop is running at full capacity, day and night, nineteen thousand men are employed. In a single year twenty-six hundred and sixty-six locomotives were sent for service in nearly all parts of the world.

Mr. Baldwin rejoiced to say that the secret of his success was his trust in God. He became an earnest Christian when he was about twenty-eight years old, and from that time till the day of his death he considered that his time and his money belonged to God. When he united with the church he asked for work. First he taught in the Sunday-school; later he was superintendent. It was never easy for him to lead in prayer in public, but the question with him was not, "Is it easy?" but, "Is it right?" So his voice was heard in the prayer-meeting from the beginning.

He became known as one of the most generous men in Philadelphia. While he was still living in a house which rented for twenty dollars a month he was giving away ten thousand dollars a year. Day after day he would appear at the works penniless, having given away every cent in his pocket, and would send out a clerk to pay bills contracted in supplying the needs of others who would appeal to him. He built, in whole or in part, five churches. At the time of his financial difficulties he would not think of discontinuing his gifts. Sometimes, when he did not have the cash, he would give notes instead. "Nobody hesitates to sign promises to pay in the future in order to get capital for business," he would say. "Are we to trust the Lord to take care of our affairs, and not His own?" This practice was used by some of the banks as an argument against discounting his business notes. One bank, however, felt that it was a mistake to refuse him credit for such a reason. "You refuse to help him," said one president to another, "because he does not know what to do with his money. We will stand by him because he is determined to do good with his money. His collaterals are God's promises."

"I feel more thankful for the disposition to give largely than for the ability to give largely," Mr. Baldwin often said, "for I know that immense wealth can be acquired a great deal easier than the heart to use it well. My money without a new heart would have been a curse to me."

XIII

The Inventor of the Rubber Raincoat

Charles Goodyear's Struggles and Achievements

INDIA rubber is to-day such a necessity that it is difficult to imagine how our ancestors managed to get along without it. Yet two hundred years ago it was unknown in Europe and America, the first small importation having been made in 1730. It is said that forty years after the single London shop which carried rubber in stock sold it as a curiosity at three shillings for a piece containing half a cubic inch! Soon large quantities found their way to the ports of the world, but it proved a drug on the market, for no process had been discovered to utilize it. Sometimes ships used it as ballast.

Little by little use was found for the sticky compound. It did lowly service in helping to make up blacking and varnish. Elastic cloth was invented, and Mackintosh devised a way to utilize it in rubber coats. The first pair of India-rubber shoes was seen in the United States in 1820; these were clumsy in shape and like a wooden shoe. Soon hundreds of thousands of shoes were imported every year from South America. They were produced by natives who dipped crude clay lasts in sap from the rubber trees. Each last was then hung up to dry until it was ready for another dipping. In this way twenty or thirty coats of rubber were added. After the removal of the last and the seasoning of the shoe, the shoe was considered ready for the market. The price of a pair of shoes was from three to five dollars.

Attracted by these large profits, American manufacturers determined to enter the field. Not only were shoes made here, but rubber-covered cloth was put on the market. Millions were invested in the industry, and great success was anticipated.

Then came disillusionment. The shoes and cloth manufactured in the winter months melted in summer. The rubber companies were threatened with ruin. A new process must be discovered which would make the rubber serviceable at all seasons. One by one the companies failed, and the public turned again to the crude South American shoes. These had never failed them: by some means unknown—perhaps the peculiar smoke used to cure the shoes—the natives had learned the secret of making rubber that would not melt in summer.

Undismayed by losses, one of the manufacturers kept his eyes open for an inventor who would attack and solve the rubber problem. He found him in Charles Goodyear, who was born in New Haven, Connecticut, December 29, 1800.

Charles Goodyear was the son of Amasa Goodyear, a business man of high standing, who encouraged his son to study for the ministry. Later

Goodyear thought it his duty to assist his father in business, which was causing his father great anxiety. He determined, however, that whatever he did he would do it as unto the Lord.

With his father he engaged in the hardware business in Philadelphia. It is said that this was the first house to deal in domestic hardware in America. A number of the articles manufactured and sold were invented by the junior member of the firm. The patents were valuable, and the business prospered, until the failure of Southern creditors to meet their obligations caused the collapse of the Philadelphia house. Charles Goodyear assumed the debts. The patents were turned over to the creditors in payment of some of the debts; others were paid out of the proceeds of rubber patents.

But it was years before patents for a successful process were secured. By faith the young man saw the day of success from the very beginning of his experiments with rubber, to which his attention was attracted by the failure of the American companies engaged in its manufacture. He believed that God had called him to solve the difficulty confronting these companies, so he went on to the end, in spite of debts, prison ("he was seldom out of jail a whole year from 1835 to 1841, and never out of danger of arrest"), a dependent family, the unbelief of friends in his success and a chronic dyspepsia which never left him.

During the winter of 1835 he made his first shoes from sheets of rubber formed after the crude gum had been melted at home, kneaded by hand and rolled with a rolling-pin on a marble slab. The shoes looked all right, but in summer they melted to a stinking paste. Next he consulted chemists, hoping that he might gain from them a hint which would be helpful—he himself knew nothing of chemistry—but his inquiries were all in vain. Then he began to experiment with many substances. Once he mixed half a pound of magnesia with a pound of gum, but failure was the result.

Pawnshops were visited to secure funds for further experiments, even Mrs. Goodyear's jewelry being disposed of. In New York, where the struggling inventor removed after a time, in a room lent by a friend, with materials supplied by a druggist on credit, he boiled gum and magnesia in quicklime and water, and made sheets of rubber which were highly praised. A patent was secured, and some of the cloth was marketed. But, alas! it was not long till it was discovered that a single drop of weak acid made the cloth sticky and useless.

Then an accident seemed to point the way to the desired process. Aquafortis, applied to rubber cloth for the purpose of removing bronze powder, at first seemed to spoil it; later the cloth seemed to be perfect. A knowledge of chemistry would have told him that, aquafortis being two-fifths sulphuric acid, he had vulcanized his cloth. The secret was within his grasp, but he did not know it.

The rubber product now seemed so successful that inventors became interested, a company was formed, a factory was built on Staten Island, and the market was supplied. The panic of 1836 put an end to this promising beginning, and the inventor, penniless, was forced to beg bread for his family.

In vain he tried to persuade acquaintances to furnish money for further manufacture. They would have nothing to do with him. In the words of James Parton:

"He became an object of ridicule. He was regarded as an India-rubber monomaniac. One of his New York friends, having been asked how Mr. Goodyear could be recognized on the street, replied: 'If you see a man with an India-rubber coat on, an India-rubber cap, and in his pocket an India-rubber purse, with not a cent in it, that is he.' He was in the habit then of wearing his material in every form, with the twofold view of testing and advertising it."

In despair he went to Roxbury, Massachusetts, where had been the largest of the rubber-goods factories that had failed a few years before. He was allowed to experiment here, using the old machinery. He manufactured much thin vulcanized cloth, and marketed the product. In a year he cleared four thousand dollars. Then the United States Government gave him an order for one hundred and fifty mail bags. Jubilantly he completed these, and left them to dry in the factory. When he returned, after a month's absence, he found them ruined, melted. His process was successful only for thin cloth; the thick mail bags had been vulcanized only on the surface. To pay his debts the plucky man sacrificed all he had.

But he continued his experiments, in spite of the pleas of family and friends. He began to mix sulphur with gum and was surprised to find that the compound, when accidentally brought in contact with a hot stove, did not melt; it only charred. Studying his problem in the light of this discovery, he found that he had only to learn what were the exact proportions of sulphur and gum, the proper conditions of mixing them, and the exact time for which the mixture was to be submitted to the required degree of heat.

This was a task, as may be understood from the statement made by Parton that to-day "it takes an intelligent man a year to learn how to conduct the process with certainty, though he is provided from the start with the best implements and appliances."

For six years more Mr. Goodyear was busy. The expense of the experiments was much greater than before, as an intense degree of heat was required. His biographer has picturesquely told of some of his efforts to secure this at home:

"We see him waiting for his wife to draw the loaves from her oven, that he might put into it a batch of India rubber to bake, and watching it all the evening, far into the night, to see what effect was produced by one hour's, two hours', three hours', six hours' baking. We see him boiling it in his wife's saucepans, suspending it before the nose of her teakettle, and hanging it from the handle of that vessel to within an inch of the boiling water. We see him roasting it in the ashes and in hot sand, toasting it before a slow fire and before a quick fire, cooking it for one hour or for twenty-four hours, changing the proportions of his compound and mixing them in different ways."

Then, realizing that he could not secure the necessary degree of heat at home, he began to haunt engine rooms, begging an opportunity of using the fires.

But he finally concluded that he must have an oven of his own. Yet how could he secure it, when he had to beg for bread for his family? With the aid of his father, his brothers and his son preparations were made, and a mason, hired by the promise of a rubber apron, did the rest. This oven was a failure.

It was just at this time that a Paris firm offered him a large price for the right to use his aquafortis process. He refused, saying that it was not honourable to allow them to spend their money on a faulty process when another, far better, would soon be discovered. Friends thought him a fool, especially as he was soon after arrested for debt, one of his children died, the rest of the family was near starvation and he could not secure funds to go to New York where he hoped to interest investors in the discovery which seemed so near.

At last he reached New York, where two men of means agreed to stand by him. When they could do nothing more for him, others came to his assistance, until, finally, in 1844—after ten years of struggle and trial—he found the secret of perfectly vulcanizing rubber by the aid of sulphur.

He continued his experiments until he was able to announce that India rubber could be utilized in the making of scores of different articles. A small income from completed processes enabled him to carry on his investigations. This income, however, was most inadequate—men took advantage of his lack of business sense by making hard bargains with him. His patents were infringed. There was expensive litigation. But through it all he studied and planned, working often sixteen to eighteen hours a day, and, when he went to bed, keeping writing materials at his elbow to make note of any ideas that came to him in his sleep or while he tossed sleeplessly about.

After his triumph in America, he went to Europe, trying to introduce the fruits of his discovery. The six years abroad were years of disappointment. The net results were said to have been "a four days' sojourn in the debtor's prison, and the cross of the Legion of Honour." The delinquency of his American licensees procured him the former, and the favour of the emperor the latter.

He died in July, 1860, insolvent. Many of his acquaintances declared that had he been prudent he might have been wealthy.

But his pastor silenced their words by indicating that Charles Goodyear was not to be judged by ordinary standards, for he was:

"One who recognized his peculiar endowment of inventive genius as a divine gift, involving a special and defined responsibility, and considered himself called of God . . . to that particular course of invention to which he devoted his life. . . . He said to his niece and her husband, who went, with his approbation and sympathy, as missionaries of the Gospel to Asia, that he was God's missionary as truly as they were."

These words of his pastor should be compared with the words of the inventor himself, dated near the close of his life:

"In reflecting upon the past the writer is not disposed to repine, and say that he has planted and others have gathered the fruits. The advantages of a career in life should not be estimated exclusively by the standard of dollars and cents, as it is too often done. Man has just cause for regret when he sows, and no one reaps."

XIV

The Emancipator of the Farmer

The Story of Cyrus H. McCormick

ON February 15, 1809—when Abraham Lincoln, who was to free the slaves of the Southern cotton fields, was three days old—Cyrus H. McCormick, who was to free from bondage the labourers in the Northern wheat fields, was born at "Walnutgrove," his father's farm in Virginia.

While he was not born to poverty, since his father was the possessor of eighteen hundred acres of land, he was taught to work hard as soon as he was able to go to the fields. As a boy he was accustomed to be up at five in the morning, in summer at an even earlier hour, and his day's work lasted until darkness drove him from his tasks. He was taught to go barefoot even in severe weather, not because this was necessary, but that he might become toughened by exposure.

He had the advantage of a brief period of study at the school near his home. It is related by one who has written of his life that he one day surprised the teacher by taking to school a wooden globe, mounted so as properly to illustrate the earth's movements, with continents and seas carefully marked—his own handiwork. To his mother he owed training which supplemented the meagre work of the schoolroom. But she was not content to teach him only secular things; from her he learned to read the Bible and to sing the hymns which were his comfort to the day of his death. With his parents he was a regular attendant at church. Thus habits were early formed that influenced his whole life.

The home farm was far from markets, so it was necessary for his father to take care of his own tools in his own blacksmith shop. Moreover, the farm boasted a gristmill, a sawmill and a smelting furnace. Brought up in such surroundings, it is not strange that young Cyrus soon developed a fondness for handling tools. But it was evident that he did not propose to confine his efforts to the performance of set tasks. His father had for years been an inventor, having built a thresher, a hemp-breaker and a crude mechanical reaper. Inheriting the talent for invention, Cyrus experimented on his own account. At fifteen he made for himself a harvesting cradle of such improved design that he was able to work on even terms with the best hand on the farm. A few years later he planned and built a hillside plow, which threw alternate furrows to right and left, and a self-sharpening plow, which was so successful that it is thought it might have been manufactured profitably but for the fact that his attention was occupied at this time by another far more important invention.

The year he was born his father began to build a reaping machine which he hoped would revolutionize the world's harvesting methods. For a number of years the work was continued. Thus it happened that one of the earliest memories of the boy Cyrus was the talk about the mysterious reaper. He saw the curious machine grow under his father's hands, and he must have seen the trial of the completed implement when he was seven years old.

To Mr. McCormick's disappointment, the reaper was a failure. It would cut the wheat when the grain was in perfect condition, but was useless if the grain was the least bit matted or beaten down by wind or rain. Discouraged, the inventor left the machine to rust.

Cyrus could not keep away from the discarded reaper. His father's dream took possession of him. Why couldn't he show the American farmer how to reap grain with horses? His father, noting his purpose, urged him to give up all thought of spending time on the problem which had already cost so much. But the boy was not to be turned from his purpose. He had a vision of what a reaper would mean to the world; already he saw the weak points in his father's work and thought of ways to remedy them. So he said to himself, "I will!" Then, for weeks and months and years, he continued his experiments, refusing to be daunted by obstacles, encouraging himself always with the dream of the triumph he was sure would come. Already the marvellous power of will for which he became famous among those who knew him was showing itself.

He did not know that already several inventors had tried to solve the same problem, and it was just as well; his ideas were more absolutely original than perhaps they would have been if he had read of the work of others. Discarding the unsuccessful work of his father, he began at the beginning and finally, after years of experimenting, completed his machine. It was a strange-looking affair with its wooden cogwheels and its rough castings and forgings, all his own handiwork, but in it were embodied the essential principles of the reaper as it is to-day. Improvements have been made, but the plans worked out over seventy years ago by the Virginia farm boy, who had never seen a city or a railroad, may be traced in the machine used to-day in the world's harvest fields.

By this time the interest of his parents in the work was very keen. The father often worked at the shop with Cyrus until late at night. Neighbours laughed at the crazy ideas of the father and son, but they went on unheeding. When the reaper was tested in the home fields, the mother would ride out on horseback to watch the performances of the creation of her boy's brain and hands.

A public exhibition was given to about a hundred curious neighbours. Casson, in "The Romance of the Reaper," says: "It was in the fall of 1831 that Cyrus McCormick hitched four horses to his unwieldy machine and clattered out of the barn-yard into a field of wheat near by. Horses shied and pranced at the absurd object, which was unlike anything else on the face of the earth. Small boys yelled. Farmers, whose backs were bent and whose fingers were scarred from the harvest labour, gazed with contemptuous curiosity at the queer contraption which was expected to cut grain without hands. . . . A noisy crowd of white labourers followed the reaper up and down the field with boisterous enmity; for here was an invention which threatened to deprive them of the right to work—the precious right to work sixteen hours a day for three cents an hour."

That afternoon six acres of wheat were successfully reaped, ordinarily the work of six men. "Your reaper is a success," Cyrus' father said to him, "and it makes me feel proud to have a son do what I could not do."

Then the dreams of the young inventor began to take more definite shape. "Perhaps I may make a million dollars from this reaper," he thought one day. But he afterwards said, "The amount was so enormous that the thought seemed like a dream —like dwelling in the clouds—so remote, so unattainable, so exalted, so visionary."

Bancroft's "Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth" tells of an earlier vision: "In after years Mr. McCormick told of the moment when, like a revelation from heaven, the magnificent possibilities of his invention came upon him. It was a bright summer's day, when he was riding from the homestead to a foundry in the mountains, carrying the pattern of the mold-board of his plow to be cast in iron. His way led across a stream, in the midst of which his horse stopped to drink. The mind of the young man was, as usual, filled with the difficulties of the reaper, then only in embryo. Cyrus' eye fell upon the landscape. Before him, rolling away to the horizon, lay a field of waving grain, upon which the sunlight glittered. Instantly there came to him the idea of the vast agricultural possibilities of the country, and of the fortune and fame which awaited him who would materially aid in their development. . . . At once he determined to devote himself to his invention."

Several years after the public trial already described, and a second trial the following year, when fifty acres were cut, the first patent was secured. But no attempt was made to put the machine on the market. No one realized as well as the inventor that there were a number of serious defects to be overcome before satisfactory work could be counted on. So, aided by his father, he devoted months and years to further experimenting and testing. Years later, when applying for an extension of patent rights, Mr. McCormick wrote to the Commissioner of Patents: "From the experiment of 1831 until the harvest of 1840 I did not sell a reaper, although during that time I had many exhibitions of it, for experience proved to me that it was best for the public as well as for myself that no sales were made, as defects presented themselves that would render the reaper unprofitable in other hands. Many improvements were found necessary, requiring a great deal of thought and study. I was sometimes flattered, at other times discouraged, and at all times deemed it best not to attempt the sale of machines till satisfied that the reaper would succeed."

During this long period of experimentation, Cyrus built a furnace, that he might make his own iron. The demand for the iron was so great that the reaper was somewhat neglected until, in the financial panic of 1837, the inventor lost not only his furnace, but his farm and all his other possessions. He might have saved something from the wreck, as his partner did—by deeding property to his mother—but his stern ideas of integrity would not permit any such compromise with the demands of justice.

Thus difficulties were increased. Cramped for funds and unable to hire workmen, Cyrus, his father and two brothers began in earnest the manufacture of reapers. One was built and sold for the harvest of 1840; two years later six were disposed of; in 1844 twenty-five more found their way from the primitive shop. The following year the number was doubled and a second patent was secured.

The lack of transportation facilities made both manufacture and delivery slow and burdensome. "The sickles were made forty miles away, and the blades, six feet long, had to be carried on horseback." The first consignment sent to the West "was taken in wagons from Walnutgrove to Scotsville, then down the canal to Richmond, Virginia; thence by water to New Orleans, and then up the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Cincinnati."

Soon arrangements were made with a Brockport, New York, firm to manufacture reapers for the farmers of the Empire State, while a Cincinnati house was persuaded to fill orders secured from Ohio farmers by the young inventor, who himself scoured the country for the purpose.

But not yet was young McCormick satisfied. He pushed on to Illinois, where "he saw hogs and cattle feeding in the wheat fields, which could not be reaped for lack of labourers. Two million bushels of wheat had grown and ripened—enough to empty the horn of plenty into every farmer's home. Men and women, children and grandmothers toiled day and night to gather in the yellow food. But the short harvest season rushed past so quickly that tons of it lay rotting under the hoofs of cattle." Evidently there was call for more adequate production of the reaper than could be managed without a large factory. So, going to Chicago, he succeeded in interesting a capitalist, who helped him make the beginning of his great harvester works. Soon, in the city only ten years old, reapers by the hundred were produced and sent forth to conquer the wheat fields. That first building, enlarged a number of times, was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. Then, already possessed of a large fortune, Mr. McCormick was tempted to retire from business; but again the vision of the world's need and of the more immediate need of the men thrown out of work caused him to devote himself to active life with renewed vigour.

After conquering America the reaper was sent to Europe. In 1851, at the World's Fair in London, its exhibition called forth the ridicule of the London *Times;* but, after witnessing a test in the fields, the editor was compelled to announce that "the reaper is the most valuable contribution to the exhibition, and is of sufficient value alone to pay the whole expense of the exposition." On the Continent similar triumphs were recorded.

Of the reaper's part in the development of America, William Henry Seward once said: "It has pushed the American frontier westward at the rate of thirty miles a year." Commissioner of Patents D. P. Holloway said, "Cyrus H. McCormick is an inventor whose fame, while he is yet living, has spread throughout the world. His genius has done honour to his own country, and has been the admiration of foreign nations, and he will live in the grateful memory of mankind as long as the reaping machine is employed in the gathering of the harvest." The French Academy of Sciences declared that he had "done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man."

Mr. McCormick lived until 1884—fifty years after he secured his first patent. Great wealth became his as a result of his labour, but this was not used selfishly. Large gifts were wisely made to many causes. The McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago is a monument to his sagacity and generosity.

Philanthropists

XV

"The Man With the Great Heart"

How Morris K. Jesup Learned the Secret of Happiness

"MY love for my mother is a spring of pure water in my heart all the time."

This sentence, found in one of the private papers of Morris K. Jesup after his death, on January 22, 1908, helps one to understand the words of one friend who called him "the man with the great heart."

There were six boys and two girls in the home at Westport, Connecticut, in which Morris began his life on June 21, 1830, and all of these were very close to their mother. Morris, however, seemed to appreciate her even more than the rest. From his seventh year to the end of her life he was her chief dependence.

The father died in 1837, just after he had lost everything in the panic of that year. A year later Mrs. Jesup took her children to New York City, where she managed to support them until the boys were old enough to help her with their earnings. They lived together in a house that presented a striking contrast to the comfortable Connecticut home. Morris very soon began to long to see his mother in a home of her own. It was one of the happiest days of his eventful life when—some twenty years later—he was able to lead her to the house he had bought for her from his earnings.

After four years in New York City Morris left school and entered the Wall Street office of a locomotive and cotton-mill machinery factory. The two hundred dollars a year which he earned proved a great help to his mother. As the years passed he was able to carry her larger amounts, for his wages were steadily if slowly increased. It was not many years till responsible duties were laid on him. Among other things, he was expected to see the parts of locomotives manufactured by his employer properly loaded for shipment. "Often," he told a friend, "I have walked down Broadway even in the depth of winter, at four o'clock in the morning, to the boat slips and docks, swinging a lantern in my hand, in order to superintend this work."

In order that he might give to his mother as much of his wages as possible, he was accustomed to walk to and from the office. These long walks bore rich fruits in his after-life. He saw boys going to school. Is it any wonder he would think of his own vain longing for a college course? But his privations did not embitter him: they only made him eager to do all he could to give other boys a chance to secure the education that was denied him. He saw the children of the poor living in unpleasant surroundings. Is it strange that he should dream of doing his part to make their lot more bearable?

One dream he had of which he was himself the centre. His biographer tells of it:

"His path took him past a picture-dealer's store, in the window of which a picture, 'A Summer Afternoon,' was hanging. To the country boy, longing for the freedom of the woods and fields, in the midst of which he had been brought up, it appealed with an irresistible fascination, and many a time as he stopped in his walk to look at it he used to think how happy he would be if he could ever own it. Years afterwards it became his.

After twelve years in his original position, his salary was only six hundred dollars, though he had been advanced from office boy to be chief among the employees of his firm. So he made up his mind to go into business for himself. His mother must have more money, and he must have more if his dreams were to come true.

He had no capital, but he found a partner who had a little. One of the men whose employ he was leaving went to the bank and guaranteed the repayment of a loan of two thousand dollars. This action was appreciated by Mr. Jesup, but it was unnecessary to take advantage of it.

From the first the new firm prospered. The officers of the railroads for which they bought supplies on commission came to have confidence in Mr. Jesup and his partner. Before long the firm began to sell bonds for the railroads, and in time gave its entire attention to the banking business.

Mr. Jesup's success in business led many to study his methods. One young man, who was about to begin making his own living, sent to him asking for advice. This was the answer:

"Tell the boy first how to do his own job, and to begin directly to learn how to do the work of the man ahead of him. Tell him to follow that course in every direction in the office and not to take his summer holiday at such a season that he will lose the opportunity of studying during the absence of his fellow members on the office staff. In this way he will not only learn many things which he will need to know later, but he will make himself doubly useful to his employers. Tell him, in the second place, that as soon as he makes any money in life he should begin directly to learn how to give away some of it. The giving away should be made an intelligent habit and should not be left to chance impulse after a man finds himself possessed of more than he needs."

Thus he was passing on advice given to him by one of his first employers, "Begin early to give away your money." That advice he had followed until he became known as one of the most generous givers in the country. One who frequently went to him for gifts said of him, "I must confess I never saw a hand held out more cordially and with a sunnier smile in giving than Mr. Jesup's."

That this habit of cheerful giving was not easily learned was indicated once when Mr. Jesup said to a friend: " It costs people a good deal of effort to give away money, so that self-conquest cannot begin too early."

Mr. Jesup was not satisfied with giving money only. He gave himself. His business was never so exacting that he was unable to give time and thought to all sorts of enterprises in which he felt that he should be interested. He lived up to the message he once gave at a dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce:

" There is something in these days worth knowing besides the every-day work in our offices and places of business; there is deep down in our hearts a desire to know what best to do with our lives and how to make them of use and value to our fellow men and country. We can only do this by steadily acquainting ourselves with the needs and wants of others and stimulating the minds of our companions to think on those things which are just, honest and of good report."

The wants of others came to occupy such a large place in Mr. Jesup's life that he saw the necessity of giving up either business or charitable work. His friends urged him not to give up business, but in 1884, when he was only fifty-four, and at the height of his prosperity, he determined to retire in favour of charitable work. From the day of his retirement he was—if possible—even busier than before.

For twenty-four years more he gave himself and all that he had to the cause that needs assistance. These years were the happiest of his life. The reason he made clear not long before his death:

"I have always tried to give with understanding and a fair mind, not as a mechanical matter, but with sympathy, honesty of purpose, and with my gift, as far as possible, myself. Giving wisely and with the heart is a God-blessed gift, bringing with it always a return of joy and peace. I want to say here for the benefit of others—not that they should adopt the principle in a selfish way—that giving does not impoverish but rather adds to one's store. Each year I have found that my property has increased in value and in quantity, notwithstanding the fact that ofttimes my giving has been much larger than my increase, after deducting family and personal expenses. If men of prosperity could only realize the return not only of joy and peace, but of love and blessing that the giving of one's means bestows, I feel sure that the world would find itself bettered and ennobled by the lives of many who now seem to live only to add to life's troubles and sorrows. Giving should be a habit with all Christian men and women, as much as praying or eating. With the habit thus formed life can be made happy, dignified, and joyous."

In most instances, when a business man retires he ceases to develop; he stagnates. But it was a natural consequence of Mr. Jesup's ever-enlarging interest in his fellow men that his character steadily developed to the very end of his life. "I do not think there was a single year in which he had not reached a point somewhat in advance of the point he occupied the year before,” one of his intimate friends said.

He was not satisfied to be a philanthropist—it was his desire to be a religious philanthropist for it was his belief that religion is the tap-root of philanthropy; that the philanthropy which leaves religion out is sadly handicapped.

But while he was religious, he was not sectarian. He delighted in remembering that he had belonged successively to three denominations, and, while he was liberal in giving to denominational work, he took greatest delight in gifts that were to be used for interdenominational work.

It was natural, then, that he should find pleasure in the Young Men’s Christian Association, of whose New York branch he had been a member since 1852; in the United States Christian Commission which did such noble work during the dark days of the Civil War; in the American Sunday-School Union; in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, which shares with Robert College at Constantinople the honour of enlightening the young men of the East; in city-mission work, and in scores of other things that helped him to fix his mind more on the church than on any particular branch of the church.

He carried his religion into the administration of secular organizations for the benefit of the public. As president for twenty-five years of the American

Museum of Natural Science he accomplished wonders in building up an institution that helped on the work of good citizenship. He gave liberally to equip the institution and to pay the expenses of expeditions sent to different parts of the world to add to the store of human knowledge. As president for eight years of the New York Chamber of Commerce he led that body in many stands for civic righteousness. And so it was in everything he undertook: his stand for the right was so positive—even though it was unobtrusive—that no one had a moment's opportunity to wonder where he stood.

It was during his term as president of the Chamber of Commerce that the Martinique earthquake occurred. There was not time to consult that body as to relief measures. Acting on his own responsibility he bought the cargoes of two grain-laden ships then near the island, and telegraphed to the American Consul nearest the wrecked city of St. Pierre to receive and distribute the cargoes. He stood ready to pay for the grain if the Chamber did not see fit to ratify his action.

The San Francisco disaster also occurred during his term of office. He took personal charge of the New York plans for the relief of the destitute thousands, directing these with the same skill that had made him a successful business man. In order to carry on this work, he remained in the city late in the summer. When a friend remonstrated with him, he said, simply, that he could not go away when by remaining in the city he might do something to relieve the suffering. "I am always thinking of those whose lot is not cast in pleasant places," he said on one occasion.

He was anxious that his name should not be published in connection with his gifts. Not that he was not tempted by the thought of fame: he was human. But he conquered the temptation. For instance, when the Peary Club—of which he was founder and president—was building the *Roosevelt*, he longed to see his name on the prow of the vessel as it started on its voyage to the Arctic. But modesty conquered. The name might have been put on the vessel if he had been willing, for Peary's work would have been impossible without his gifts and his influence. Peary himself said, after the discovery of the Pole: "To Morris K. Jesup, more than to any one man, is due the fact that the North Pole is to-day a trophy of this country."

The beginning of Mr. Jesup's interest in Peary is worth telling, because of the light thus thrown on his character. In 1895 Peary was in the Arctic. Mrs. Peary had promised to send him a relief ship that year, but she did not know how the necessary funds were to be raised. In her extremity she went to Mr. Jesup and told him the story of her husband's need. Mr. Jesup promised to help her, saying, "You must understand that while I am interested in the scientific aspects of your expedition, my chief interest is that I want you to get your husband back." The interest begun then never failed though at times all others lost faith in the ultimate success of the explorer.

Mr. Jesup died before Peary's return from his last expedition, bringing with him the word that the camp made at the North Pole was called Camp Jesup. The northernmost peninsula on the continent is also known by the name of the philanthropist.

No wonder a man well qualified to judge said of him: "It is doubtful if there has ever lived in America or any other country a man trained originally for business who developed more universal sympathies and interests."

When the busy man responded to God's call to "come up higher," an intimate friend said of him, "The spring of all lay in his faith in God," while another said, "One always felt in him the presence and the power of a deep and devout religiousness, the consecration of thought and aim and love to his Master."

XVI

Glimpses of a Commonplace Life

The Story of William Rathbone

"I HAD a very pleasant time at school, never doing anything seriously wrong, but getting into plenty of active mischief, and possessing a very comfortable sort of conscience, on which—so long as I was never guilty of untruth, or anything foul or mean—other sins of omission and commission sat very lightly."

Thus, in later life, William Rathbone wrote of his life at an English school, when he was sixteen. He was a typical English lad, who loved fun, and scorned every dishonourable act. He enjoyed "breaking bounds," and "pillow fights"; but he longed to have the masters place him and his fellows upon their honour. So he told one of the masters that "it was difficult to expect authority to be respected which was so minute and trivial in its dealings," and he pleaded for a reform. "I thought I might engage that they would have infinitely less trouble with us," the account continues. "They took us at our word, and certainly there never was a better set of boys than during those few months."

When, a year later, he was apprenticed to a

Liverpool firm of East India merchants, he looked back with regret to his school days. "I was conscious of having wasted a good deal of time at school, and I thought I had missed the chance of making a life worth living. I did nothing but copy letters and accounts, run errands, mend the fires, and take weights on the dock quays and in warehouses. . . . This period of my apprenticeship was one of the least happy periods of my life."

Yet he made the most of his opportunities, even if he was unhappy in his trivial tasks. His biographer writes:

"He must have had from the first a stiff moral backbone, and a clear notion of what the possibilities of life were for him. When he first came into the office he found that, owing to the amount of time and money his father gave to public work, an erroneous impression prevailed that he was a very rich man, and that his eldest son was destined for political life, rather than for a serious business career. Many boys of sixteen would have slidden more or less consciously into the same belief. But he set himself deliberately to overthrow it by a scrupulously exact and punctual performance of his very dull duties. He used to say that much of what he did during those years seemed to him utterly useless at the time, but that afterwards he found the advantage of it in several ways, and especially in enabling him to judge how every one in the office, from highest to lowest, was doing his work."

At this period he first became thoughtful on religious subjects. One Christmas day he attended service in a mission chapel. When he was fifty, he wrote:

"The preacher took for his text the question of John the Baptist: 'Art Thou he that cometh?' and Christ's answer: 'The poor have good tidings preached to them.' He called on us to consider what the Christianity of our age was worth, and told us that what we, as Christians, are, is to be seen in what those who . . . wield the influence of society suffer the people to be. I was just then entering on the world's work, with all the hopes and aspirations of seventeen, and I felt so strongly the truth of the preacher's words that—had I not doubted my power of influencing others by speech—I believe I should have abandoned the desk for work in the streets and courts of our town. . . . I remained in the work for which circumstances seemed to destine me, and am grateful for success beyond my deserts, or most ambitious thoughts. But I feel now as I felt then, that had I possessed the necessary powers successfully to carry Christ's Gospel to the toiling and suffering, it would be a success far nobler, worthier, and more to be desired than any other whatever."

Probably the lad's decision was wisely made. He determined that, at any rate, he would devote his life to the service of the poor. Perhaps, as a merchant prince, he was instrumental in doing more for his fellows than he could have accomplished had he followed the impulse which came to him that Christmas day.

Another refreshing—and promising—glimpse of the young clerk, then several years older, is thus given:

"I saw a great deal of the business of the office, by letting my fellow-clerks know that I was willing to take any one's work in addition to my own, during their holidays, for experience's sake. I made it a rule never to go out more than two evenings a week, and, of course, it was only occasionally that I went out that often; and I read the other evenings. Each of the junior clerks had an account-current book to make up at the end of the year, and, as I was one of the youngest, the largest fell to my lot. . . . The making up of the year's accounts was a very laborious task; but I was determined not to be beaten; by working at it night after night, except when I had an engagement, I finished it before any of the others."

The employer of this conscientious young man said little, but "he had the knack of seeing everything," and when he planned a trip to America, desiring a companion, he chose his faithful clerk. William's father wrote him, congratulating him on this evidence of his master's approval:

"The time is short . . . to prepare for your voyage. Let this be done as quietly, and with as little fuss as can be expected from a young man who has such an agreeable prospect before him. If I am not mistaken, the way you receive the information, and set about your preparations will be watched, and judgment formed accordingly."

On his return from America, he became a partner in his father's business. Here he was successful from the beginning, and his soon became the guiding hand. His partners learned to trust him, because of his decision and his integrity.

"While others were doubting and hesitating over a needed reform, or a proposed new enterprise, waiting till a perfectly safe path to it should appear . . . his quick eye had singled out the route across country which offered the safest going and fewest obstacles, and he was in full career along it. Such promptness . . . did not mean that he was acting on impulse. He had the habit of laying down for himself general principles of action. He formed these very carefully and deliberately, but when once formed he did not lightly reconsider them, and without consideration seldom departed from them."

A business associate said of him: "In guiding the policy of his firm, a reputation for stability and absolutely sound principles was what he chiefly aimed at. He abhorred short cuts to fortune. He trusted no prosperity that was not the outcome of continuous and laborious work. He avoided openings that might lead to such prosperity, knowing that, for one firm which succeeds in business of this type, there are ninety-nine which, sooner or later, it brings to the ground."

This characteristic was illustrated by an incident in his early career. When railways were building in all parts of Great Britain and shares were on the market by the thousand, he bought one hundred shares for investment. Some months later, when the price had advanced fifty per cent., he was persuaded to sell. But it was his last transaction of the kind. Let the reason be given in his own words. "We pocketed five hundred pounds with much content, but it seemed a very insidious and dangerous precedent." Thus his firm was not one of those involved in the great crash which followed the period of speculation.

One of the most noteworthy things in Mr. Rathbone's life was the fact that "at an early age he formed fixed principles as to how money should be spent. . . . He thought a young man should consider not merely the immediate objects of his expenditure, but also the effect on his character. It often happens that a man of generous nature is obliged, while he is young, to work hard and be economical. He yields to this necessity, hoping, when he has made a fortune, to use it for the good of others. But by the time success comes he has allowed the saving habits of his youth to master him so completely that he is affected by a sort of 'pecuniary paralysis.' . . . It follows, then, that a man who would escape this moral disease must give something for the sake of practice, even out of small means, and, as his income swells (this was the point he laid most stress on), he must increase not only the amount, but the proportion of it to be devoted to public objects. . . . If we suppose that he has begun (as he fairly may) by laying aside ten per cent. of his expenditure for objects unconnected with himself and his family, he should increase the percentage as his means increase, until it reaches, if he becomes very prosperous, say one-half of the total. If he were wise, he would not stop there, but would rather fix a limit beyond which his private expenditures should not go, spending everything that he could afford beyond that limit on objects of public utility."

Mr. Rathbone carried out these principles. He was not content to give only in the regular channels, but developed new avenues of philanthropy. The death of his wife led him to think what illness must mean in the homes of the poor. He engaged the nurse who had cared for Mrs. Rathbone, directing her to spend three months among the poor. The experiment was so successful that district nursing became a recognized charity in Liverpool. To provide nurses, he built a training school. Later the work was extended to workhouses, and to other cities, including London. He gave not only money, but time. Beginning in his thirtieth year, and continuing at intervals for years, he visited in the homes of the very poor, and sought to help them by his presence and his counsel.

While he said little about his religion, "no one could work with him or live near him without feeling the presence of the hidden springs which were the source of his energy and his strength, and without catching glimpses of the foundations upon which his faith and hope for humanity, and his charity towards men, were based."

Earthly honours and public tributes came to him in abundance. But he received these with humility. On one occasion he said, in a speech of thanks: "It is I who am the debtor. It is I, not my fellow citizens, from whom gratitude is due. . . . Which of the sacrifices made by a prosperous man can be considered generous when looked at with those which thousands of our men and women make daily and unhesitatingly, in hours of distress, illness, or death, when they share with their neighbours the means only too inadequate for the supply of the wants of themselves and their families? It is easy for the prosperous to be deemed generous, difficult for them to deserve to be so called."

His own estimate of himself and his work he gave when he said: "If I were to express what seems to me the lesson of my own life by an adapted proverb, I should say, 'Great are the uses of mediocrity.'"

Religious Workers

XVII

The Story of a Galley-Slave

Antonio Arrighi's Preparation for Life

IN 1849 Antonio Arrighi was a drummer boy in the ranks of the army of Garibaldi, fighting for the liberation of Italy. He was only fifteen years old when he was wounded in battle and taken prisoner. After suffering almost indescribable privations, he was sentenced to serve as a galley-slave.

He was stationed at Civita Vecchia, where sand was continually blocking the narrow neck leading from the sea to the harbour of the city. Dredging machines were operated almost constantly for the removal of this sand. These dredging machines were operated by treadmills, and the treadmills were operated by the unfortunate galley-slaves.

Here Antonio toiled for more than three years. His own description of the wheel of torture is given in his autobiography:

"The treadmill was a round wheel some fifty feet in circumference and eight feet wide. This wheel was encased with iron bars, making it like a cage. On the inside was a curving stairway, with steps all around the inner circumference. This wheel was on a large flatboat, and on each side of the boat and in the middle were two large upright supports with sockets on their upper ends. Between these iron supports, with an end fastened in each socket, extended a large iron rod, and this passed through the centre of the wheel. Close to the flatboat on which the treadmill stood, was the dredging machine, and this was surrounded by small flatboats. Fastened to the machine was a long and strong iron chain, and to this chain a large scoop shovel. Sixteen of the galley-slaves were put into the treadmill wheel, four abreast, but each separated from the others by an iron rod which extended around the wheel. When we were inside the wheel, our first duty was to watch the shovel go down into the water, and, as soon as we saw that it touched bottom, to start the wheel which wound up the chain and brought the shovel to the surface. This was accomplished by our stepping down with all our might on the stair-like arrangement inside the wheel, and continuing the movement as if walking rapidly up-stairs. As the shovel went into the sand or other substance at the bottom of the channel, it was only with a great effort that the wheel was made to revolve, and in order to do this, we had to use not only the weight of our body, but also the strength of our hands! We grasped the iron rod and pulled until every muscle was strained to the utmost. We would keep revolving the wheel until the dredging-shovel was raised out of the water and swung over the flatboats, into which the contents were dumped. Then we were commanded to stop the wheel. We remained still until the shovel was emptied and returned to the bottom, when we would again start the wheel. In this way, we spent the day climbing an interminable stairway. So exhausting was the labour that at night we were more dead than alive. In fact, the first day at noon, when we had an hour to rest and eat our black bread and drink our water, I dropped down exhausted."

Outside the wheel were guards who carried long sticks with sharp points. When there was any evidence of lagging on the part of the prisoners, these sticks were used without mercy. If there was any sign of mutiny or disorder, the guards had only to call, warningly, "Notte d'Inferno!" and the tumult would be quieted instantly.

The words were a threat. "Notte d'Inferno" (Night of Hell) was the name for a fearsome dungeon in which every galley-slave was compelled to spend twenty-four hours at the beginning of his sentence. And the men preferred death to a second visit to its horrible depths.

"This cell was many feet underground, in size about six feet by ten, and entirely dark. From the ceiling drops of water constantly fell on the victim. The walls were damp and slimy, and the bare feet of the prisoner rested upon a stone floor which felt as though it had been covered with the lather of soap. If one attempted to move, his feet would slip from under him, and down he would go. To make the place still more horrible, live eels were put into the dungeon, and when the tortured victim came in contact with these slimy creatures he would scream with fright, as he could not know what it was." Usually the men came from the dungeon raving with fever. Sometimes they were taken out dead.

After three years and two months, the opportunity to escape suddenly presented itself to Antonio. One day in April, 1855, a company of prisoners was on its way to the treadmill, under guard. Antonio was in the lead of the column. For some reason he was the only prisoner without shackles; the others were bound together two and two. Suddenly a runaway horse attached to a cart dashed into the midst. Two of the prisoners were hurt, and one of the guards was killed. In the confusion Antonio dashed up the steep stairs which led to another street. There he found a four-wheeled ox-cart loaded with straw and hay, whose driver had rushed down to the street below to investigate the turmoil. Like a flash the boy remembered how he had often hidden from his playmates in a sack made of rope, fastened under the body of a similar wagon, and hanging down like a hammock. Perhaps there was such a sack here! Creeping under the straw that reached nearly to the ground, to his joy he found a sack. In an instant he was hidden in this. In another moment the driver returned and cracked his whip, and the journey from the city of torture was begun. Excited soldiers rushed to and fro, searching for the runaway, but they never thought of looking for him under the body of a slow moving ox-cart.

All that day the oxen continued on their way. It was a day of torture. At night the driver halted at an inn. How the hungry boy tried to be quiet, though he was almost within reach of the men eating in the inn. Soon their conversation turned to events in the town that morning. The story of the runaway was told. All expressed sympathy, and declared that they would like to have a chance to help him to safety.

Made desperate by hunger and fatigue, Antonio resolved to trust them. Creeping from his hiding-place, he stood in their midst. They were as good as their word. They gave him food, took his convict's clothes, and gave him a suit of rough homespun. Then one of them advised him to go to America. This man offered to give him a note to his brother, whose ship would sail in a few weeks from Leghorn for New York, urging him to take the runaway as cabin-boy. The difficulties of the way were pointed out—Leghorn was more than two hundred miles distant, across the Maremma, the fever-infected marshes, which are at their deadliest in the spring and summer. On the first stage of his journey he was carried by the friendly driver of the ox-cart, as it was thought best that he should return to the shelter of the bag under the straw.

The marshes were crossed with only one serious mishap. On the second day he found himself in a quagmire from which he could not escape. Gradually he sank till his knees were covered. Lustily he called for aid, but there was no one to hear him. Finally, at dusk, when he had given up hope, a large shepherd dog appeared in the distance. This is what happened, as Antonio has told the story:

"I had sunk down above my hips. The dog was now near me, but on firmer ground, for he seemed to know the character of the land. As I looked at him his eyes appeared full of sympathy. The dog was working all the while. I could see that he would feel the ground with his paws. I watched him eagerly, and perceived that when he found a place where the soil seemed solid near me, he gave a bark to attract my attention, and then he would lie down with his hind paws under him resting on solid ground. Then he would stretch his forepaws to me intelligently. I tried to reach his paws, but came short by several feet. I took off my coat, and held a sleeve firmly while I flung the other end of the garment towards the dog. He tried to seize it with his paws and mouth, but failed. I was down to my waist in the mire. I made a great effort to reach over as far as I possibly could, and flung the coat towards the dog. This almost caused me to go under, but the noble creature got hold of the other sleeve with his teeth and began to pull. I felt that I was rising. The dog was pulling steadily and trying to get the whole of my body on firm ground. After a great struggle he succeeded, and I felt myself steadily drawn out of the quagmire. I soon found a purchase for one foot on firm soil, and was enabled to pull myself upon the more solid land."

When the fugitive had regained a measure of strength, the dog led him to the hut of a hermit, who tenderly cared for him. By a bitter dose of herb tea he was saved from the fever which had already begun to affect him. The hermit told him that he was sitting in his room, the dog at his feet, when he began to sniff at the air. He seemed to be much excited and whined. His master said, "Go!" and the dog went on his errand of mercy.

The remainder of the journey across the marshes was safely completed, the ship was found, and the position as cabin-boy was secured.

Six weeks later Antonio landed in New York City. He was alone, friendless, in a city in which there were perhaps three hundred Italians. He did not know how to read and write his own language. He did not know any English except the phrase "Hurry up!" On the day he went ashore he learned the phrase "Get out!" That night, as he slept in a wagon on the street, there was a fire near by, and he learned the word "Fire!" With this stock in trade he started out next day. A policeman ordered him to move on, and he shouted, "Hurry up! Get out! Fire!" The angry officer dragged him to the police court. When the justice told him the charge against him, Antonio answered, "Hurry up! Get out! Fire!"

The justice, seeing that the prisoner was an Italian, sent for an interpreter. Through the interpreter the immigrant was introduced to other Italians in the city.

Then followed several years of money making, first as a vendor of plaster of Paris statuettes, then as the proprietor of a meat market in an Iowa village. There he found his way to church, became a Christian, and decided that he must preach the Gospel to his own people in Italy.

He entered school, supporting himself through preparatory school, college and seminary. In 1872 he returned to Italy, and was ordained at Rome. He hurried to his boyhood home, where he found his father and mother. Then he opened a mission in Florence, where he preached with much success for eight years. In 1880, when he was in Philadelphia, attending a religious council, he was asked by a committee of the New York City Mission and Tract Society to undertake the work of evangelizing the Italians of New York City. He accepted the invitation, and for thirty years has been a preacher of the Italian Evangelical Church in New York City.

And as he preaches he sometimes tells the story of the wonderful way in which God has led him, and he declares that it is well worth while to have suffered these things, for they opened the way to his becoming a Christian and entering on his life-work.

XVIII

Giving the Indians a Printed Language

How James Evans Surmounted Difficulties

IF the method adopted by the father of James Evans to cure him of his hunger for the life of a sailor could be adopted by the guardian of every boy who wants to go to sea, there would be very speedily, in most cases, at least, a healthy desire for a life of hard work ashore.

When James—who was born in Kingston-upon-Hull, England, in 1801—began to talk of his longing for a career on the ocean wave, his father tried to dissuade him by telling of the hardships and dangers of the mariner's life. Of these he could speak with authority, as he had himself risen to be captain of a ship. When talking did no good, he arranged to take the eight-year-old lad on several voyages in the North Sea. The sailor fare and work (his father treated him no better and no worse than if he had been an entire stranger) were too much for him, and he was ready to go back to school.

In a few years, when he was better able to choose his work, he was allowed to apprentice himself to a grocer in Hull, a few miles from his home. In accordance with the old-fashioned custom he lived in the house of his master, Mr. Trine, and so was saved from many of the perils that sometimes threaten young men when they are spending their first years away from home. Perhaps he did not at the time appreciate the interest taken in him by his master, but in after years he realized what a help Mr. Trine had been to him. Every day he was expected to attend family worship. This seemed an irksome requirement, but, like millions of others, he lived to be thankful for the prayers offered for him at the family altar. As Mr. Trine's life was in tune with his prayers, his influence over his apprentice was always for good.

On Sundays a place was always made for James in the family pew of his employer, and there one eventful day he heard an appeal from a missionary that reached his heart. He became a Christian, but, more than this, the message bore fruit in leading him, years later, into the mission field.

At once he was called upon to show his colours. He was an active young fellow, fond of sports, and the temptation presented itself to be sometimes a little careless in his choice of companions and his methods of amusing himself in his spare time. "Yet he let it be known," says Egerton R. Young, his biographer, "that he would go to no sports or places of amusement to which he could not invite his Elder Brother to accompany him." As a Sunday-school teacher he found other opportunities for witness-bearing for his new Master.

Ambition led him to leave the provincial town for London, where he worked as clerk in a store for several years. In the meantime his father had emigrated to Canada. So he at length followed, going to Lachute, Quebec. Unwilling to be a charge on his father, he at once sought work, but was unable to find a grocer who would employ him. He did, however, find a log schoolhouse, where he was installed as teacher of the children of the hardy backwoodsmen at a very small salary. Two successful years there were followed by his appointment to the charge of an Indian school at Rice Lake, near Lake Ontario. Thus, at twenty-seven years of age, he began his life-work among the Indians of Canada. At Rice Lake he found no schoolhouse and a company of untrained children, whose parents lived in wigwams on the government reservation. With his young wife he lived for a time in a tent. Then, when he had himself built a home and a schoolhouse—both of logs—he was ready to open his school. Beginning with forty ignorant little Indians, within a year he had twenty-two reading the New Testament in English and the first seven chapters of Matthew, translated by himself into Ojibway.

Two years after the opening of the school he was ordained to the ministry for work among the Indians. His appetite for work, however, could not be satisfied by teaching school and preaching to the Indians at two different points. He found for himself seventeen separate preaching stations, some of these being fifty miles distant from his home. Then, because his time was not fully occupied, and he proposed to fit himself for future larger usefulness, he constantly studied the different Indian dialects, for he dreamed of the day when the entire Bible could be read in their own tongue by the red men of the forest.

After the missionary had made a long canoe voyage to the Indians of Lake Superior, his longing to do definite pioneer work of the hardest kind was finally gratified in 1840, when he was sent to the territory of the Hudson Bay Company. The company's officials had requested the beginning of the new work, in their desire to put a stop to the migration of the northern Indians to the southern mission stations, where they went to learn the gospel story.

Before the beginning of the new work Mr. Evans took the long journey to New York City, where he made arrangements for printing portions of Matthew and a few hymns which he had himself translated. No funds being available for the purpose, he paid the expenses of the trip and of the publication out of his own pocket. He returned by way of the Hudson River, the Erie Canal and Lake Ontario to Toronto. Being almost out of money, he engaged deck passage and slept three nights on what he called the softest plank he could select. This was comfort to the man who had rowed thousands of miles on the waters of the lakes and had camped in the open air.

The journey to the new mission field was made largely in canoes with Indian guides. Mr. and Mrs. Evans and their daughter soon became accustomed to the dangerous method of travel along rapidly flowing streams. By day there would be rapids to run, an exciting occupation for the workers and an anxious experience for the passengers, which is thus described by Mr. Young: "The men make every possible effort to urge the boat forward faster than the water, so that it may steer the better. The bowsman and steersman stand erect, guiding the frail bark through the smoother places in the current, which rises and foams around you as if eager to devour you. Now we rush with rapid speed towards a rock against which the waters dash with fearful fury, and to a person unaccustomed to such scenes, you appear to be on the point of destruction, but one vigorous stroke of the paddle from the bowsman and the steersman sends the light craft at a sharp angle from the impelling danger, and away you plunge again over the surging waters, sometimes floating for a minute in a small eddy and hovering as though to choose your path, and then again plunging through the windings of the stream, till having passed the whole in safety, you float in the smooth waters below."

Then, at night, the camp would be made on shore, perhaps at one of the portages, where canoe and baggage had to be transported on the backs of the men. After supper prayers would be held about the camp-fire; then the weary travellers would seek rest, that they might be ready for the exertions of another day.

Finally the party reached Norway House, between Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay. But until household goods could arrive (these had been shipped to England, to be returned from there in one of the company's supply vessels to Hudson Bay) it was necessary for the missionary and his family to live in very primitive fashion.

When the Crees learned that the missionary for whom they had been longing had come to the fort, many of them moved their wigwams to Norway House, that they might have the privilege of hearing his words. A new village had to be built. Ground for this was cleared, the stumps being removed in spite of the disinclination of the Indians to do hard work. But the example of the devoted missionary won them. "He first taught the Indians how to square the timber with their axes, and then how to put up the timber frame of the house and to fill in the sides and ends with the well-hewn logs." A substitute for lime was made of moss and clay. A fireplace was arranged in every house. In the spring potatoes were planted under the direction of Mr. Evans.

In addition to the work at Norway House, the missionary took frequent trips to other places in order to reach as many Indians as possible. One of these journeys covered six thousand miles.

One of the greatest difficulties was the lack of a written Cree language of sufficient simplicity so that parts of the Gospel, as well as hymns, might be printed. The Indians were obliged to be absent most of their time hunting and fishing. If he could only give them printed messages to take with them and to show to their wives and children who never came to Norway House!

In addition to the lack of a simple written language, there were other lions in the way. There was no paper for printing, no type, no ink, no printing-press. Most men would have given up in the face of so many obstacles; but not Mr. Evans. He had been trained in a school where there was no such word as "can't."

When he studied the problem he decided that it would be possible to prepare a simple series of written signs, each representing a syllable. Then his knowledge of shorthand was brought into play, and syllabic signs, based on the lines and curves of shorthand, were arbitrarily chosen. Thirty-six characters in all adequately represented the sounds of the language; experience showed that these could be learned far more readily than the ordinary alphabet.

In his journal Mr. Evans described how type was prepared. "The letter or character I cut in finely polished oak. I filed out of one side of an inch-square iron bar the square body of the type; and after placing the bar with the notch over the letter I applied another polished bar to the face of the mould and poured in the lead, after it had been repeatedly melted, in order to harden it." For lead he used the thin sheets from the tea chests, obtained from the fur traders.

"He made his ink out of the soot of the chimneys, mixed with sturgeon oil," says Mr. Young. "He had no paper, and so had to be content with birch bark as a substitute. He manufactured his own printing-press. A jackscrew, used generally by the traders for the packing of the bales of furs, was kindly loaned him for his work of printing. This gave him the requisite power."

The women gathered birch bark for the printer, and messages from the Gospels and several hymns were printed, to the astonishment of the Indians. The process was slow, but it was sure, if crude. One day Mr. Evans wrote that he had struck off three hundred copies of the hymn, "Jesus my all to heaven is gone"; another day he printed three hundred. Soon he had two thousand pages, and was able to supply the eager Indians, who had no difficulty in learning to read, since no spelling was required.

"The story of this marvellous invention spread far and wide," Mr. Young says. "Scholars in America and Europe heard of it with great interest. The English Wesleyan Missionary Society sent for the syllabic characters, and sending them to a type foundry had a large quantity of type made." A press, ink, rollers and other necessaries were also sent to Mr. Evans, all these having to be transported long distances on the backs of the hardy Indians.

There were other signal successes. Perhaps the greatest of these was the effective teaching of the lesson of the necessity and possibility of keeping the Sabbath. It was the custom of the Hudson Bay Company to exact of its men service every day during the short season when work could be done. When Mr. Evans began to preach Sabbath-keeping many of the Indians listened to him. Several hundred men informed the company that they would not work on Sunday. The company officials were indignant. They threatened Mr. Evans —and a threat from the powerful Hudson Bay Company was no slight matter. Unafraid, he proposed a test between a brigade of the company's men and a brigade of his own Indians, the former travelling seven days a week, while the latter rested one day in seven. The request was refused. Unwilling to give up his preaching about the duty and privilege of Sabbath-keeping, Mr. Evans was severely persecuted by the governor in charge of the company's affairs. He was maligned and abused, but to no purpose. Charges were made against him which were not disproved until just before his death. The Indians themselves made the test they had proposed, and when, in every instance, the Sabbath-keepers won the race, they were more than ever determined to rest one day in seven. Soon it was a recognized fact that the Sabbath-keeping brigade would finish their journey of many weeks in from seven to ten days less time than the brigade which travelled every day.

Another disaster followed soon after the governor's persecution. While on a journey an Indian guide was accidentally killed by Mr. Evans. He gave himself up to the tribe of the dead man, although the people were heathen, who believed in taking a life for a life. They were about to slay him when the mother of the Indian who had been killed demanded his life, declaring that she adopted him as her son. Thereupon he was taken into the tribe. From that day he sent a portion of his small salary to the Indian mother whom he had deprived of support.

The end of the self-denying life came suddenly. While on a visit to England, where he was untiring in telling the story of the wonderful work among the Crees, he died on November 25, 1846.

XIX

The Man Who Conquered the Cannibals

The South Sea Experiences of John G. Paton

ONLY a few miles from Dumfries, in the south of Scotland, John G. Paton was born on May 24, 1824. His father, who manufactured stockings in his own little house, lived neighbours to "crofters and cottars, weavers and shoemakers, cloggers and coopers, blacksmiths and tailors," so that John became, by observation, familiar with trades which were to be of great help to him when, in later life, he was living among savages, absolutely dependent on himself.

His home was in a little thatched cottage, whose roof was renewed every year, precisely as the wife of the American farmer refills her straw bedticks each summer. The main timbers of the house had been standing for four hundred years, and were as stout as ever—in fact, stouter, for they were covered with "peat-reek," in consequence of the constant burning in the fireplace the peat from the moors.

This house had three rooms, called the "but" and the "ben" and the "closet." When John became a man he described the house thus: "The one end was my mother's domain, and served all the purposes of dining-room and kitchen and parlour, besides containing two large wooden erections called by the Scotch peasantry 'box-beds'; not holes in the wall, as in cities, but grand, big, airy beds, adorned with many-coloured counterpanes, and hung with natty curtains. The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six 'stocking-frames,' whirring with the constant action of five or six pairs of busy hands and feet. The 'closet' was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table, and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding a faint light on the scene."

In the village school John found that he must have the Bible and catechism, as well as reading, writing, and arithmetic. Here he worked hard, for he knew that it would soon be necessary to begin to help his father provide a living for his family.

He was only twelve when he took his place at a stocking-loom. The hours were long for a boy so young—from six in the morning till twelve at night, with two hours in all allowed for meals. Most of these two hours were spent at his books, especially the Latin and Greek grammars and texts. These he knew he must master if he would become, as he hoped, a missionary or a minister at home.

They knew what poverty meant in that Scottish home. Sometimes, when crops failed, the children went hungry to bed. Once the meal barrel became empty when Mr. Paton was away from home.

Mrs. Paton urged the children not to worry; that it would be all right, for she had told God of her need. Within a few hours came a messenger with a bag of potatoes, sent by Mrs. Paton's father, who knew nothing of the great need for his gift. The godly mother, calling her children to her, said:

"O my children, love your heavenly Father, tell Him in faith and prayer all your needs, and He will supply your wants so far as it shall be for your good and His glory."

John never forgot the lesson. He declared afterwards that it had a lasting effect on his religious life.

When the young apprentice had saved a few pounds, his parents, who were eager to see him secure an education, permitted him to go to Dumfries Academy for six weeks. When his money was exhausted he secured better paying work than he could have had at home with a company of government surveyors. The four-mile walk to and from work afforded a good opportunity for the continuation of his Latin and Greek studies. At noon he was accustomed to steal away to the banks of the Nith, where he could in perfect quiet pore over his books.

All went well in his new work till the lieutenant in charge of the surveying party urged him to engage with the government for seven years, promising him special training if he would agree. When he politely refused, the officer angrily asked the reason.

"My life is given to another Master, so I cannot engage for seven years."

"To whom?"

"To the Lord Jesus; and I want to prepare as soon as possible for His service."

"Accept my offer, or you are dismissed on the spot," said the enraged lieutenant.

Of course the youth would not agree, and he was discharged. At once he went to the Lamb Fair in Lockerbie, where men and women offered themselves for hiring to the farmers of the neighbourhood. He was engaged as a harvest hand. The first sheaf he bound fell to pieces in the farmer's grasp. He was not discouraged, but tried another, and another, till his work stood the hardest tests.

The harvest hands were rough, and the farmer's kind-hearted wife took him from their company at night to room with her own son. Appreciating this kindness, John used his spare time in laying out a new garden for her. This experience, he later declared, was of great value to him when he was called to arrange and cultivate the gardens and fields about the mission station in the New Hebrides.

When the engagement on the farm was at an end, he went to Glasgow to be examined for a position as district visitor for a large church. The salary was to be £50 a year, and the successful applicant was to have the privilege of attending the Free Normal Institute. It was forty miles to the nearest railway station; this distance he walked, as he could not afford to take a coach. In a small bundle on his shoulder he carried his Bible and his few remaining possessions. His father walked with him the first six miles of the way, then left him with the words: "God bless you, my son. Your father's God prosper you, and keep you from all evil."

The story of the next few moments, as told when the boy became a man, is worth reading and remembering:

"I ran off as fast as I could and, when about to turn a corner in the road where he would lose sight of me, I looked back and saw him still standing with head uncovered where I had left him—gazing after me. I was around the corner and out of sight in an instant. But my heart was too full and sore to carry me further, so I darted to the side of the road and wept for a time. Then, rising up cautiously, I climbed the dike to see if he yet stood where I had left him; and just at that moment I caught a glimpse of him climbing the dike and looking out for me! He did not see me, and after he had gazed eagerly in my direction for a while he got down, set his face towards home, and began to return—his head still uncovered, and his heart, I felt sure, still rising in prayer for me. I watched through blinding tears till his form faded from my gaze; and then, hastening on my way, vowed deeply and oft, by the help of God, to live and act so as never to grieve or dishonour such a father or mother as He had given me."

On his arrival in Glasgow he presented himself for examination for the church position. After the examination the judges informed him that they could not decide between him and another young man who had taken the examination with him. Thereupon the two ambitious students agreed to divide the £50, divide the work of church visiting, share one lodging, and attend the same school. The arrangement brought hardship, yet it turned out most satisfactorily. The young men were strangers to each other, but, as Mr. Paton said long afterwards, they got on famously together, never having had a dispute on anything of common interest.

Before the first year was done, the students broke down from overwork. Paton's companion left school, began to teach, and in a few years died as a result of the strain of the struggle in Glasgow. But Paton was made of harder stuff. He persisted in his work in spite of ill health and poverty. Once, when further advanced, he had only nine shillings in his purse. He decided to give up his hope of education, and wrote a letter home telling of his purpose to find work at his trade. Then he tore up the letter; he would not grieve his parents by giving up so easily. He found a school where he taught with much success. The minister who engaged him had warned him that bullies would seek to break up the school; then he gave him a heavy cane, which he advised him to use freely. But Paton put it aside, saying, "That will be my last resource." He never needed it; from the beginning he showed the ability to handle difficult situations that later made his missionary career so remarkable.

Ten years were spent in completing his education —he took literary, medical and theological studies— and in acting as city missionary in Glasgow. During these years the thought that his work was more needed among the heathen than among his own home people made him restless. Finally he learned that the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland was seeking a missionary to join Rev. John Inglis in the New Hebrides. He offered to go, was accepted, and was given special training for the work ahead of him. Friends sought to dissuade him; they argued that he could have a much more comfortable life at home, and that his help was needed there. But he persisted in his determination, rejoicing that his parents sympathized with him in his choice of a field.

In 1858 Dr. and Mrs. Paton, in company with a married associate, sailed for their distant island home. They landed on the island of Tanna, after a trying voyage. A house was built at once, lime for the plastering being burned from the coral rocks. The roof was of thatch, sugar-cane leaf being used freely.

Dr. Inglis, the missionary on the neighbouring island, Aneityum, encouraged and inspired Dr. and Mrs. Paton and their associates, Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson. The help of the older missionary was needed, for the newcomers were dismayed as they saw the misery of the natives. These were "literally naked and painted savages; they were at least as destitute of clothing as Adam and Eve after the fall, when they sewed fig leaves for a girdle; and even more so, for the women wore only a tiny apron of grass, in some cases shaped like a skirt or girdle, the men an indescribable affair like a pouch or bag, and the children absolutely nothing whatever."

The missionaries' peace of mind was not increased by the information that savages just like these had—only nineteen years before—clubbed to death John Williams and his young missionary companion Harris, only a few moments after their first landing on Erromanga, in the same group of islands. But the knowledge of this disaster did not deter them from remaining. They knew that in 1842 five missionaries had landed on Tanna, and that these were compelled to flee for their lives. But Paton and his companions decided to stay just as long as possible, in spite of dangers which might threaten.

They did stay. Four years of heroic labour followed. At times Dr. Paton was encouraged to look forward to the day when the Tannese would be Christians. The missionary associates made some friends among the petty chiefs, but others among the leaders were opposed to them. These were blamed for a series of storms and pestilences which laid waste the island. Thousands of the people died of measles, brought by traders, who avowed their purpose to depopulate the land. The wrath due the traders was visited on the missionaries. Their lives were in danger; they were prisoners in the mission buildings. "It had been finally resolved to kill us at once, to plunder our house and then to burn it," Dr. Paton wrote of that trying time in his autobiography. Just as they heard the shouts of those who were coming to kill them, a vessel was sighted.

The approach of the vessel made the natives afraid. "The shouts of those approaching us gradually ceased," Dr. Paton said in telling of the exciting events of that day. "The whole multitude seemed to have melted away from our view. I feared some cruel deception, and at first peered out very cautiously to spy the land. But yonder in very truth a vessel came sailing into view. It was the *Blue Bell.* I set fire to the reeds on the side of the hill to attract his attention. I put a black shawl as a flag at one end of the mission house, and a white sheet on the other."

The *Blue Bell* sent boats for the missionaries. While these were being loaded the vessel drifted to leeward, and darkness settled upon them. For hours the boats tossed about, seeking the vessel. When day broke, it was not in sight. Anchor was cast out of musket shot. "There, without water or food, we sat under a tropical sun till midday came, and still there was no sign of the vessel," Dr. Paton wrote. But at about five o'clock the *Blue Bell* appeared, and the exhausted refugees were taken on board. They were carried to Aneityum, where Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson soon afterwards died.

Dr. Paton had lost everything except his Bible and the translation he had made into the language of the Tannese. He held fast to the translation, for he was sure that the day would come when missionaries would be welcome to Tanna. His faith was justified, long years afterwards. He was himself welcomed back to the island and he had great joy in ministering to the people. When the burden of years made it necessary for him to go away from them, nearly the whole population of the island camped for a week near his home, that they might be able to say farewell at the time of his departure.

In the meantime he found work ready to his hand. He was asked to go to Australia to raise money for the purchase of a mission ship to be used in the New Hebrides, and to arouse the people to the needs of the missions among the savages. Mrs. Paton had died on Tanna, so he felt free to go on his laborious mission.

The Australian campaign was followed by a visit to Scotland for the purpose of informing the home church concerning the needs of the islands. Before sailing again for the New Hebrides, he was married to Margaret Whitecross, who was his noble helper through all the trials of the years which followed the renewal of his work for the islanders.

It was decided to settle on Aniwa, not far from

Tanna, in the hope that Tanna might be reached from this vantage ground.

Before going to Aniwa with Dr. and Mrs. Paton, the *Dayspring*,—the missionary ship—called at other stations and left volunteers. This—Dr. Paton said—was the occasion of an expression of wonder by the natives.

"How is this?" they cried; "we slew or drove them all away! We plundered their houses and robbed them. Had we been so treated, nothing would have made us return. But they come back to us with a beautiful new ship, and with more and more missionaries. And is it to trade and get money, like the other white men? No! no! but to tell us of their Jehovah God and His Son Jesus. If their God makes them do all this, we may well worship Him too."

Dr. Paton began his work on Aniwa in November, 1866, and for fifteen years the island was the centre of his labours. The natives were at first hostile. They permitted him to build his house on a hill where the bones of the victims of cannibal feasts had been thrown—a spot sacred to the gods. It was their hope that the gods would destroy the foreigners. But when their lives were spared, the natives were willing to listen to their words about a God who seemed to be stronger than their idols.

After three years, a church was organized with twelve members, a number of whom had been cannibals. Other churches followed. At length the entire island was Christianized, and even Tanna was welcoming the missionaries who followed in Dr. Paton's footsteps.

The last years of the pioneer's life (he died January 28, 1907) were spent in translating portions of the Bible for the use of the beloved converts on Aniwa, and in pilgrimages to Australia, the British Isles, and America, where he urged the people to support the missionaries by their gifts, and called for volunteers who would follow in the footsteps of those who had taken their lives in their hands as they faced the cruel cannibals.

Neither gifts nor volunteers were lacking. The impassioned words of the man who had grown white in the service of God led many to turn their backs on the enticements of a career in the home land. They decided that they must go forth at the call of Him who had enabled John G. Paton to face the bloodthirsty savages without flinching, and who never forsakes His servants.

God has been faithful to His promise. The story of the successes on Tanna and Aniwa has been parallelled on other islands. Cannibals have been converted, idols have been destroyed, churches have been built, entire tribes have been Christianized. Where once shipwrecked sailors were put to a cruel death, those who follow them see church spires among the trees—the monuments of John G. Paton and those who have followed him.

XX

Out of a Gipsy Encampment

The Career of "Gipsy" Smith

DURING one of Ira D. Sankey's visits to England in company with D. L. Moody he drove to a gipsy encampment in Epping Forest. A number of boys standing by his cart attracted his attention. Singling out one of these, he put his hand on his head, and said, "The Lord make a preacher of you, my boy!"

God did make a preacher of that boy. His name was Rodney Smith, but he was afterwards known to the religious world of three continents as "Gipsy Smith." The story of his conversion and subsequent life, as told by himself, is a notable book.

Rodney Smith, a full-blooded Romany, was born March 31, 1860, near Epping Forest. His father made baskets, clothes-pegs, and tinware for a living. It was the work of the young gipsy to sell these.

While the family was travelling in Hertfordshire, his mother died of smallpox. This bereavement marked the beginning of religious interest in the lad who had never heard of his Lord. When near her end, she was heard to sing:

> "I have a Father in the promised land.
> My Father calls me; I must go
> To meet Him in the promised land."

When her husband asked her where she had heard the words, she explained that twenty years before, when a child, she had followed some village children into a Sunday-school. The words sung in her hearing that day had been forgotten, only to be remembered at the end of life.

Before she died she exacted a promise from him to be good. He tried to keep the promise, but found himself too weak. Convicted of sin, he sought peace, but could not find it. His children looked on in grief as they witnessed their father's anguish of soul. His sister laboriously spelled out of the New Testament a little of the story of Christ, but he remained in darkness.

One morning two gipsy wagons approached the Smith encampment. Great was the joy of all when it was found that they were driven by Mr. Smith's two brothers, whom he had not seen for a long time. After they had talked of other things Mr. Smith said:

"Brothers, I have a great burden that I must get removed. A hunger is gnawing at my heart. If I do not get it satisfied, I must die."

The brothers said they felt as he did; that they had talked to each other for weeks of their longing, and had vainly tried to satisfy it.

At once the three brothers agreed to seek help at some church. In their ignorance they applied to the landlady of a beer-shop for directions. "I am somewhat in your case," she told them, "and I have a book up-stairs that will just suit you."

Then she brought down a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress." They took the book out by the roadside, where a young man from the public house read to them. The narrative of how Christian lost his burden at the foot of the cross moved them greatly. Soon after, at a mission chapel, Mr. Smith and one brother lost their own burdens, and came back to their wagons rejoicing.

Next morning the two converted gipsies held a prayer-meeting in one of the tents, and thirteen gipsies were converted, among them Rodney's brother and eldest sister.

The third brother was converted soon after in the chapel of Henry Varley. Thereupon the three brothers covenanted with one another to spend their lives together in work for their Lord. The pledge was kept, and for years "the Gipsy Evangelists" were known throughout England. Their first mission was to their own parents, who were converted, and with them an uncle ninety-nine years old.

These events made Rodney very serious. His father, his brother, and two sisters were now Christians. As these children were converted in the order of their ages, it was not strange that he became possessed of the idea, as he expresses it himself, that "religion is a thing which first takes hold of the head of the house, and then steps down in the order of ages. My heart was heavy because I felt that I was standing in the way of my sister Tilly, who was younger than I."

At length he made his decision. A few days later, at a Methodist chapel in Cambridge, he made public confession of his Saviour.

At once the lad felt the conviction that he would one day preach the Gospel. He was without education. He knew his letters, but very little more, and he diligently set himself to learn. His first reading-book was a brewer's sign, and his teacher was a lady on the street, whom he asked to help him. His first books were the Bible, an English dictionary, and a Bible dictionary. These he proudly carried about under his arm, even before he could read them. He attended school for a few weeks at Cambridge. "So I am a Cambridge man," he says.

He never forgot his purpose to become a preacher. His first sermon was delivered to the turnips in a field. As he walked along the road, he often quoted Scripture and sang hymns, as if in the presence of an audience. When he was seventeen, he dressed himself in his gipsy best, and stood by the roadside as the people were walking to church. There he preached his first sermon in public.

A little later, while attending a meeting conducted by Rev. William Booth, afterwards General Booth of the Salvation Army, he was surprised to hear the announcement, "The next speaker will be the gipsy boy." Conscious that he was the only gipsy boy present, he was tempted to run from the building, but found courage to step to the platform. The brief talk he made commended him to Mr.

Booth, who asked him, after the meeting was over, to become an evangelist in the Christian Mission, out of which grew the Salvation Army. So, at seventeen, Gipsy Smith was called to his life-work.

He was sent to the East End of London. There he was entertained at the home of a Christian family. It was the first time the gipsy lad had ever found himself in a house for any length of time, and he was troubled. He did not know how to act. At the supper-table he was puzzled by "a piece of linen, beautifully glazed and neatly folded" at the side of his plate. Thinking it a pocket-handkerchief, he said so to his host. At once, seeing he had made a mistake, he said: "Please forgive me. I do not know any better. I am only a gipsy boy. I know I shall make lots of blunders; but, if you correct me whenever I make a mistake, I will be very grateful."

When he was taken to his room and the door was shut, he thought he should suffocate. The bed was a problem. How was he to sleep in that thing? Would it hold him? How was he to get into it? At last he took a running jump and landed in the depths of the feather mattress.

When he went to work at the mission, he found that he was unable to pronounce the long words. So, when it fell to his lot to take the Scripture lesson, he stopped for a brief exposition before every doubtful word. When he resumed the reading, [illegible] was careful to begin with the verse following [illegible] unpronounceable name or word. But, realizing that this method of avoiding difficulties was only a makeshift, he set himself earnestly to overcome his deficiencies. His efforts were remarkably successful. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan says:

"His lack of educational advantages would have seemed likely to bar his progress. He recognized this, and set himself from the first, with a devotion and earnestness which were magnificent, to remedy this defect. He had been a hard worker and hard reader, and this has found its reward in the fact that to-day he has acquired a style and delivery that is full of force and beauty. One of our great London dailies said of him recently that he is one of the finest exponents of the possibilities of Anglo-Saxon speech since the days of John Bright. It is possible to hear him again and again, as I have done, without detecting a flaw in his grammar or pronunciation; and one is filled with wonder at his triumph. In his case the very early lack has been the stimulus of constant effort, and there has been no arrest of development consequent upon the mistaken notion—alas! too common among more favoured men—that he had his education long ago."

From the beginning he was blessed in his work. Among his first converts were his sister Tilly, anxiety for whom had urged him to decision for Christ, and the young woman who later became his wife.

He was only twenty-one when he was sent to Hanley, his last station occupied for the Salvation

Army. There he accomplished the great work of his earlier life. The beginning was discouraging. His meetings were held in an old building seated for several thousand. The first night thirty were present. It was up-hill work, but finally the people crowded the building. The converts made in those Hanley meetings have since been met by the evangelist in all parts of the world. And at least one man who turned away from his invitations repeatedly given at Hanley was found in America. Gipsy Smith tells of his encounter with him:

"On the morning after my first meeting in Boston I was aroused from sleep very early. I was told that there was at the door a man, in a very excited state, who wished to see me. I requested that he should be brought to my room. He rushed in, waving wildly a copy of *The Protestant Standard*, which had devoted half a page to our meeting. 'What have you come to Boston for?' he demanded angrily. 'Can you not leave me alone?' I perceived that my visitor was an old Hanley man, who years before had heard me preach many times. He had deserted his wife and children, and was now living a very sinful life. In the interval, during moments of acute shame and remorse, he had written to his wife in the hope of finding her, but his efforts had been unsuccessful. His conscience seemed to tell him that I had come to Boston to discover and accuse him. He had not been at the meeting; but, as he was returning from night duty at a large restaurant, he had come across a copy of the paper which had informed him of my presence in the city.

"I spoke to him faithfully about the old days, his present condition, his sin and want, and he promised to come to the next meeting. To my joy I observed him among the first who came forward to give themselves to Christ. It was a sincere, absolute surrender. He gave me the names of his wife's parents. I had an announcement published in the local papers [in England], and set the police at work, with the result that the wife and family were found. After years of separation they crossed the Atlantic. She was welcomed with all the old love and the new love that had come to him from the Lord."

After the work at Hanley had been carried on for six months Gipsy Smith was summarily dismissed from the Salvation Army for receiving a present of a gold watch from friends in the town. Grieved at the necessity of undertaking independent work, but feeling that he must not lose a moment, he accepted the earnest invitation of the Hanley people to remain among them. A building was rented, and for four years he continued his service, preaching every night.

By this time reports of his work had been carried all over England, and invitations poured in on him to undertake evangelistic missions in different parts of the kingdom. To these he responded, so far as possible.

In 1888 he made his first visit to America, and conducted meetings in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. In 1891 he came over once more, and hundreds were converted under his preaching in New York City. In 1892 he continued his American work, and later went to Australia. Returning to England by way of the United States, he remained in Indianapolis for a series of meetings. While in that city a specialist operated on his throat, and relieved him of a trouble which had threatened to put a period to his preaching. The evangelist asked for the bill with much trepidation, but the answer was not what he expected. "Sir," the doctor said, "two of my boys have been converted during your mission. Will you give me your bill for that? Can I ever pay you for bringing my boys to Christ? How much is this going to be worth to me? I cannot preach; but, if I can help you to preach with ease and comfort, I have a share in your work."

On one occasion he held a meeting at the People's Temple in Boston. Here he had been announced as "the greatest evangelist in the world." At the first service he declared that this was a mistake. "I do not feel that I am the greatest evangelist in the world, and you do not believe it. That being so, we will have the announcement taken down." This meeting extended to seven weeks, and some eight hundred were converted.

Since 1896, in addition to visits to America, Australia, and other countries, when work called him, Gipsy Smith has laboured in his own country.

He has preached in coal-mines, among the gipsies, and among the iron-workers of Birmingham. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London he conducted a meeting, when his gipsy father assisted him in the inquiry-room.

In concluding the story of his life he says: "In my study hangs a letter from her late majesty the Queen, and one from a royal duchess. But the dearest things in my house are two pictures on the wall of my bedroom. One is the picture of the wagon in which my mother died, and the other a picture of a group of gipsies. I never sleep in that room without saying to myself: 'Rodney, you would have been there to-day but for the grace of God. Glory be to His name forever!'"

Scientists

XXI

From Chimney Climber to Arctic Explorer

The Achievements of Elisha Kent Kane

"DON'T whip him! He's such a little fellow. Whip me!"

The master of a school in Philadelphia, about to punish a pupil seven years old, turned in astonishment at hearing this defiance from the nine-year-old brother of the culprit in his hands. Then, angered by the interference, he proceeded to administer punishment to both boys.

The protecting nine-year-old was Elisha Kent Kane, who, from the time when his younger brother was put in his charge, was unwilling to stand by in silence while anybody stronger than he attempted to abuse him.

The daring which later made him one of the world's famous travellers and explorers was a characteristic trait of his early years. For instance, in 1830, when he was ten years old, he resolved to climb to the top of the sixteen-foot chimney on the kitchen of his home in Walnut Street, Philadelphia. The attempt had to be made at night, when no one would be near to forbid the dangerous ascent. Preparations were completed during the day, a clothes-line with a stone tied to the end of it being hidden on the roof of the kitchen. Then, when everybody else was asleep, Elisha and his brother climbed out of their bedroom window and dropped to the kitchen shingles. There the clothes-line was secured, and the stone was repeatedly thrown till it fell inside the chimney, clear to the fireplace below. Descending through the trap-door, Elisha made his way to the floor, where he fastened the end of the rope. In a few moments he was back on the roof once more, the rope, reaching to the chimney top, in his hands. Planting his feet against the chimney, he went up hand over hand till, with some difficulty, he was able to draw himself to the top of the stack. There he sat, enjoying the view of back yards and brick walls, but enjoying still more the knowledge that, by conquering an obstacle, he had done what no other boy had done.

The same determination to do things enabled him to conquer more worthy obstacles. He did not like to study; he preferred to go horseback riding, climb trees and rocks, train dogs, sketch, whittle and employ himself in the numberless ways that appeal to a hearty, wholesome boy. But because his father was eager to have him make the most of himself, he applied himself diligently to his books. Study was all the harder for him because his health was giving way, but he persisted so manfully that when he was sixteen he was prepared for college.

At first the intention was to send him to Yale, but it was found that he was so far behind in some things, and so far ahead in others, especially the natural sciences, that he was advised to enter the University of Virginia, where he would be given liberty to choose many of the studies of the course.

For a time all went well. He devoted himself to the natural sciences, and delighted whenever his work took him to the fields and the forest. There he learned many things that proved invaluable to him when he was in the Arctic wastes. His work was continued till it was interrupted by an attack of acute rheumatism, of which he had had warning symptoms before the beginnings of his college course, as well as during the months of his faithful work at the university. He refused to give up, however, till he was unable to move. His father came for him and took him home wrapped in a blanket.

This was the beginning of weakness, pain and infirmity that never left him. But he did not yield to these; his determination to be somebody in spite of sickness was as strong as his earlier purpose to climb to the top of the kitchen chimney. For a long time it was thought he would not live, but he made a gallant struggle, and at last left his bed, though without much encouragement from the doctors, who said that he might live a month or a year, or he might die within half an hour. He was suffering from the acute heart disease which finally caused his death.

But he was not to die yet. "Elisha, if you must die, die in the harness," was the call of his father that nerved him to go out into the city and take his place with others who were facing obstacles bravely. When in the university he had declared he would make his mark in the world; now he was resolved to make the world forget that he was a sick man. His friends thought he could not do it, but he knew he could.

Compelled to give up his dream of becoming a civil engineer, he entered the medical college and studied to such purpose that before his graduation, and while he was only twenty years old, he was appointed a resident physician in the Pennsylvania Hospital. The physician who shared his room later said that his appearance was insignificant, and his heart disease was evident to all because of the "bellows sound" which accompanied his breathing after any unusual exertion. At night he slept with his head almost at right angles to his body; only so was he able to breathe.

He was still an undergraduate when he became one of the senior resident physicians. His care to take advantage of every opportunity to fit himself for his duties made him an acceptable practitioner. Not once did the fact that he was apt to die at any moment of the day or night cause him to abate his zeal; if possible, the thought made him more earnest and devoted.

At the hospital, in the rare intervals when he was not on duty, he devoted himself to investigation in an obscure technical subject, and accomplished what might well have been a year's work for a strong man able to give full time to it. The results of his investigations were stated in his graduation thesis. This thesis was considered such a remarkable document that its publication was requested. At once the learned physicians and surgeons of two continents hailed Elisha Kent Kane, the puny youth who was trembling on the brink of the grave, as the peer of them all. He had by his indefatigable industry solved a problem that had puzzled them. The extent of his industry is apparent from the statement that his conclusions were based on experiments and observations of one hundred and seventy-nine individuals, although in the ten years preceding his work other physicians had recorded, all told, less than sixty cases. Dr. Kane had made his mark in his twenty-second year, but at great cost, for he "was more than once carried home on men's shoulders to be nursed, and returned again to his official duties and scientific pursuits at the earliest moment of adequate strength."

After his graduation, his father, without consulting him, applied for a warrant of examination for the post of surgeon in the naval service. Deferring to his father's judgment, he took the examination, and went on his first cruise to the East. The monotonous life of a ship surgeon was far from pleasing to the young graduate, so he made occupations for himself. While the vessel was in port at Rio Janeiro he went on an exploring expedition in the Andes. On shipboard he studied geometry, algebra, navigation and modern languages. Detained for some months at Bombay, he explored regions seldom visited by an Occidental. Securing leave of absence, he crossed to the Philippines and penetrated to some of the most inaccessible and dangerous parts of the islands. Wherever he went he made investigations that would have proved of great value if they had not been lost in Egypt before his return to America.

While in the Philippines he paid a visit to the volcano of Tael, held sacred by the natives, and descended into the crater. Dr. Elder's vivid description of the trip shows how the intrepid traveller was already showing the spirit that later carried him to a point farther north than any man before him had ever reached:

"Dr. Kane was in company with Baron Loë. . . . The two gentlemen attempted the descent together, but they soon reached a projecting ledge, from which further progress was absolutely precipitous. After searching in vain for some more practicable route, the baron gave up the project, and united with the rest of the party in efforts to persuade the doctor to abandon it also. But this was out of the question. It was his temper to meet difficulty with proportioned endeavour, and to do his best to master it before he yielded. The attendants very reluctantly gathered from the jungle a parcel of bamboos, and fastened them into a rude but strong rope, by which, under the guidance of the baron, they lowered him over the brink. He touched bottom at a depth of more than two hundred feet from the platform he had left, and, detaching himself from the cord, clambered slowly downward till he reached the smoking lake below and dipped the specimen bottles under its surface.

"The very next thing was to get back with the trophies of his achievement. . . . The scalding ashes gave way under him at every step of his return; a change in the air current stifled him with sulphurous vapours; he fell repeatedly, and, before he got back to the spot where his rope was dangling, his boots were so charred that one of them went to pieces on his foot. He, however, succeeded in tying the bamboo round his waist, and was hauled up almost insensible. When he sank exhausted in the hands of his assistants, the natives protested that the deity of the Tael had avenged himself for the sacrilege; but the baron, who had less faith in the divinity of brimstone, dashed him with water, and applied restoratives brought by a messenger whom he had dispatched to the neighbouring hermitage. The remedies were so far successful that he could be carried to the halting place of the night before. He had saved the bottles of sulphur water, which he sent home to be analyzed."

Before his return to America Dr. Kane visited the west coast of Greenland, explored a section of the great Himalayas, and gathered scientific treasures in Egypt, usually walking at least twenty-five miles a day—pretty good travelling for a dying man! Some of the relics gathered were sent to

Alexandria, ahead of him, but all retained in his personal baggage were lost in the Nile by an unaccountable accident. When he reached Alexandria he was smitten with the plague, and nearly lost his life. He did lose all his remaining scientific treasures; when he was able to leave his bed they had disappeared.

While still in Egypt another adventure was recorded. On the west side of the Nile, opposite Luxor, he saw the famous sitting statue of Memnon, which stood nearly sixty feet above the plain. Observing a tablet lap-stone resting on the knees of the statue—twenty feet from the ground—Dr. Kane determined to see if there was not an inscription of value on the under side of this. "This could be accomplished only by ascending from the base between the legs to the point to be examined; and that must be done by climbing—a feat as yet unattempted, and, therefore, just the thing for him to undertake. But, as the leg at the calf is about four and a half feet in diameter and thirteen in circumference, to climb it, as one grasps the bole of a tree in his arms to ascend it, was clearly impracticable. There was but one way of working his way up to the knees, which was by bracing his back or neck (as the varying interspace required) against one of the legs, and his feet against the other, and so wriggling his way upward. His attendants protested that the feat was impossible; and at first it seemed so, for he failed in several attempts. But he was at last successful."

He had thought that he would be able to rest under the lap-stone in the awkward position taken in climbing, and so read the inscription at his leisure. Then he intended to climb over the edge of the stone, and return to the plain down the back of the figure; but he found it impossible to pull himself to the top of the lap-stone, and equally impossible to return to the ground as he had come. There was nothing for it but to brace himself in his awkward position. There he had ample time to transcribe the inscription—if there had been any inscription there! Relief came when one of his attendants galloped away in search of a guide, who climbed the figure from behind and, stooping over the lap-stone, let down his sash to Dr. Kane. Thus, completely exhausted, the explorer was saved for other achievements.

After further travels and six months of medical practice in China he returned to America, and for a time settled down as a physician in his native city. At the outbreak of war with Mexico he requested to be assigned once more to active service, but to his disgust was sent on a vessel bound for the coast of Africa instead of to Mexico. The deadly African fever attacked the crew, and he did his best for the suffering men. Once he wrote home: "Tell mother not to be uneasy . . . one never loses by attention to duty."

At last he was down with the fever himself. For three weeks he faltered between life and death; then he was lowered over the side of his vessel and sent home to die. But he did not die. In spite of his broken constitution, "knowing that he held his life by the most precarious tenure, and certain that it must be a short one, he yearned to crowd it with activities which might compensate by their worthiness for its brevity." Going to Washington he asked for a transfer to the military staff and for an assignment to duty at the front. In the midst of his preparations he became dangerously ill, and several weeks were lost. Before he was well he pushed his application so vigorously that he was soon sent to the seat of war. Then followed a shipwreck, a brush with Mexicans, the capture of the leaders by his party, his successful effort to defend their lives from the cruelty of his men, his illness from the worst form of typhoid fever, his recovery by reason of the faithful nursing of one whose life he had saved, his brief service in the war, an attack of lockjaw and his return home as an invalid.

But he refused to be cast aside as an invalid. Still he looked about for an opening for telling services. He saw his chance when, in 1850, in response to the appeals of Lady Franklin, Congress voted to send an expedition in search of her husband, Sir John Franklin, who had not been heard from since 1845; it was feared that his entire party had been sacrificed in a search for the Northwest Passage. Dr. Kane asked to be sent as surgeon of the expedition, and his request was granted.

Then, at thirty years of age, he began the service for which he had been unconsciously preparing, but he did not begin it in his own strength. The years of suffering had shown him his need of God, and he had long been an earnest Christian. Well for him that he was, for many times before he returned from the frozen north he was in the midst of perils which he could not have borne alone. Referring to the second expedition, of which he was commander, he wrote: "A trust, based on experience as well as on promises, buoyed me up at the worst of times. . . . I never doubted for an instant that the same Providence which had guarded us through the long darkness of winter was still watching over us for good, and that it was yet in reserve for us . . . to bear back the tidings of rescue to a Christian land." That rescue was accomplished by a relief expedition.

The rules announced at the beginning of the second expedition should be noted:

1. Implicit and unvarying obedience to orders.
2. Entire abstinence from intoxicating liquors.
3. Daily devout worship of God in all circumstances.

The story of the adventurous voyage cannot be detailed here. The Franklin expedition was not relieved—years later it was learned that the last member died in 1847. But important scientific and geographical discoveries will always be connected with the name of Elisha Kent Kane, among these being the location of the magnetic north pole.

Not long after his return from the Arctic, Dr. Kane died at Havana, Cuba, where he had gone for his health. Of the funeral in Philadelphia the *Evening Journal* of March 12, 1857, said: "The long procession of mourners, the crowded yet silent streets, through which they move, the roll of muffled drums, . . . the tolling of passing bells, the craped flags at half-mast, and all the solemn pageantry of the scene, proclaim that it is no ordinary occasion which has called forth these impressive demonstrations of public respect."

XXII

Out of a Weaver's Cottage

The Story of Alexander Wilson, Naturalist

JUST when the fortunes of those who were fighting for American independence were at their lowest ebb, Alexander Wilson, a boy of thirteen, was a weaver's apprentice in Paisley, Scotland. Twenty years later he was fast gaining reputation as the leading naturalist of the United States.

But his parents had not planned that he should be either a weaver or a naturalist. They longed to see him a minister, and at cost of great sacrifice he was sent to school with this in view. Years later young Wilson in one of his poems wrote, concerning another, lines which picture vividly his own early life:

"His parents saw, with partial, fond delight,
Unfolding genius crown their fostering care;
And talked with tears, of that enrapturing sight,—
When, clad in sable gown with solemn air,
The walls of God's own house should echo back his prayer."

The death of Mrs. Wilson when Alexander was ten years old changed his future. The coming of a stepmother into the home and the expenses incident to the care of her family seemed to make it necessary to put the lad to work. Then began his experience at the loom.

To one who had tasted for several years the delights of reading and of wandering in the fields and the forests, the confinement of a weaver's cottage was most irksome. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he put on record his dissatisfaction with his life:

> "Be't kent to a' the warld in rhyme,
> That wi' right meikle wark and toil,
> For three lang years I've ser't my time,
> Whiles feasted wi' the hazel oil."

In spite of his dislike of the work, he spent four or five years toiling as a journeyman weaver in and near Paisley. At every opportunity he stole away to the country, where he made companions of the birds, studied their habits and wrote poetry about them. But it was not till he was fellow workman with David Brodie in a two-loom shop that his ambition to be something more than a weaver began to take definite form. The first days in the new situation were comparatively uneventful, for Brodie was even more reserved than the typical Scotchman, and passed the time in silence. It was three weeks before the two men had their first conversation. Attracted to each other by the fact that they had many interests in common, they soon became fast friends. Brodie was able to help

Wilson in Latin and to introduce him to many gems of English poetry. Studies were diligently pursued while the loom was tended—at the cost, it is true, of many a broken thread. When the day's toil was done, the friends would take long rambles in the country. Once work was put aside for many days while they tramped through eastern Scotland.

To Wilson it seemed impossible to return to the loom after this taste of freedom, so he determined to become a peddler, wandering over the country, and at the same time soliciting subscriptions to a volume of poems which he hoped to be able to publish. In his journal he told of his plans for this venture:

"I have resolved to make one bold push for the united interests of pack and poems. . . . Experience has now convinced me that the merit I am possessed of (which is certainly considerable) might lie forever buried in obscurity, without such an attempt. I have therefore fitted up a proper budget, consisting of silk, muslins, prints, and so forth, for the accommodation of those good people who may prove my customers, a sufficient quantity of proposals for my poetical friends; and to prevent those tedious harangues, which otherwise I should be obliged to deliver at every threshold, I have, according to custom of the most polite peddlers, committed the contents of my pack to a handbill."

This handbill, which was headed, "Announcement Extraordinary," was in rhyme. After reciting the contents of his pack he concluded:

"Now, ye fair, if ye choose any piece to peruse,
With pleasure I'll instantly shew it;
If the peddler should fail to be favoured with sale,
Then I hope you'll encourage the poet!"

For three years he distributed his handbills and opened his pack. He was successful in seeing the country and storing his heart and mind with sights and thoughts which enriched his later life, but he signally failed as a merchant. "I have this day, I believe, measured the height of a hundred stairs," he once wrote in his journal, "and explored the recesses of twice that number of miserable habitations; and what have I gained by it? Only two shillings of worldly pelf; but an invaluable treasure of observation."

He succeeded in securing so many subscriptions for his proposed book that he arranged to publish it, but when he went over the ground again to make deliveries, most of those who had promised to receive the volume refused to keep their word. At the end of the journey, discouraged, poorer than ever, and involved in debt, he was compelled to return to the hated loom. But unwilling to relinquish his dream of becoming a poet whose works were everywhere read, he managed to issue a revised edition of his first book, which he planned to dispose of during another peddling expedition. The result was even more disastrous than before.

Then came the turning-point in his life. Becoming interested in the cause of the Paisley weavers who were dissatisfied with labour conditions, he wrote a satirical poem directed against one of the influential employers. While this increased his fame as a poet, he had not much satisfaction from the popular approval, since he found himself in jail, sentenced for using his pen too freely. On his release, after apologizing to the man whom he had satirized, he determined to emigrate to America, thus—at twenty-two years of age—closing the record of a period "more abundant in sail than in ballast," as he wrote ten years later.

The money to pay his passage was saved while he worked feverishly at the loom. So eager was he to secure the needed amount that he allowed himself but one shilling a week for his food. At last he sailed from Belfast as a deck passenger.

When he landed at Newcastle, Delaware, he was without friends, he had no letters of introduction, and only a few shillings stood between him and starvation. After tramping to Philadelphia, he sought work as a weaver, but in vain.

During the next few years he was a copper-plate printer, a weaver, a peddler and a school-teacher. As a teacher his pay was so small that he added to his income by surveying land for the farmers.

But his prospects speedily became brighter. While teaching school at Gray's Ferry, near Philadelphia, he met the naturalist, William Bartram, proprietor of Bartram's Gardens, which are still to be seen by visitors to Philadelphia. Association with him broadened his outlook on life and deepened his love of nature. Another friend, introduced by Mr. Bartram, taught him to draw, and soon the future naturalist was making lifelike drawings of the birds he observed during his frequent rambles.

It was not long till he lost all interest in money-making. As he wrote to Mr. Bartram:

"I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement—in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced . . . over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of nature's works that are forever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, and so forth, so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark."

In 1804 he determined to give up teaching and devote his time to making a collection of American birds, of which he would publish drawings and descriptions in massive volumes. To do so he would have to travel on foot thousands of miles, but the prospect did not alarm him. A preliminary trip—to Niagara Falls—gave him a splendid idea of the difficulties he would have to encounter in carrying out his plan. During fifty-nine days he travelled more than twelve hundred miles, a large part of the return journey being made through snow up to his knees. Reaching Philadelphia with less than a dollar in his possession, he nevertheless determined to make other journeys of the same kind till his dream should be realized.

Having now prepared sufficient material for the first volume of his projected work, he tried his hand at etching the plates, but failed. Then he tried to persuade a friend to finance the undertaking, but again failed.

These setbacks did not discourage him; he was determined, so he said, to "leave a small beacon to point out where I perished." Just when everything seemed against him, he secured an appointment as editor of a new encyclopedia, the publisher of which became so much interested in him and his work that he undertook to print the "American Ornithology." The first volume, issued in 1808, attracted the favourable attention of scholars in Europe and America. While the comments of others gave the struggling naturalist much pleasure, he was most delighted with the praise of his father, to whom he explained that in its preparation he had visited every town within a hundred and fifty miles of the Atlantic Coast, from the river St. Lawrence to St. Augustine, in Florida.

Then came pedestrian tours for further observations, during which he canvassed assiduously for subscribers to the expensive work. While many volumes were disposed of, the author was frequently forced to be content with "handsome compliments, a species of currency that will neither purchase plates nor pay the printer." The governor of

Connecticut gave him neither compliments nor cash. "I don't intend to give one hundred and twenty dollars for the knowledge of birds," he said contemptuously.

The journey was continued till he had visited every town within a hundred miles of the Atlantic from Maine to Georgia. Of this hard trip he wrote humorously: "I have laboured with the zeal of a knight-errant in exhibiting this book of mine, wherever I went, travelling with it, like a beggar with his bantling, from town to town, and from one country to another. I have been loaded with praises, with compliments and kindnesses; shaken almost to pieces in stage-coaches; I have wandered among strangers, hearing the same oh's and ah's, and telling the same story a thousand times over." On his way from Baltimore to Washington he "opened fifty-five gates . . . and saluted every gate . . . with perhaps less Christian resignation" than its predecessor.

Soon after the second volume was issued, in January, 1810, Wilson set out on a more adventurous journey than any before undertaken. Bound for New Orleans, in order that he might see the birds of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, he went overland to Pittsburg, then purchased a skiff in which he trusted himself and his meagre outfit for the long trip to Louisville. His friends advised against the boat, but he felt he could afford no other means of travel. Having purchased a skiff, which he named the *Ornithologist*, he made his preparations and was off. Of his adventures on this "bird-catching expedition," as he called it, he wrote a racy description:

"Two days before my departure the Allegheny River was one wide torrent of broken ice. . . . My stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese and a bottle of cordial; . . . my gun, trunk and greatcoat occupied one end of the boat; I had a small tin, occasionally to bale her, and to take my beverage from the Ohio with, and bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pittsburg, I launched into the stream. . . . I rowed twenty odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well."

One of his biographers writes: "In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships by day, and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail and snow, for it froze severely every night, Wilson persevered from the 24th of February till the 17th of March, when he moored his skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek, after a voyage of seven hundred and twenty miles! His hands suffered the most, and it was some weeks before they recovered their former feeling of flexibility."

At Louisville he met Audubon, just then in the midst of the preparation of his monumental work on American birds. Here the boat was sold, and the long trip to New Orleans was begun. At Lexington he bought a horse and rode six hundred and twenty-eight miles to Natchez, "through difficulties which those who have never passed the road could not form a conception of." There were "dangerous creeks to swim, miles of morass to struggle through, rendered almost as gloomy as night by a prodigious growth of timber and an underwood of canes and other evergreens."

At Nashville Wilson's pity was aroused as he saw hundreds of horses left standing at the hitching-posts all day without food. He forgot this pain, however, when he paused at an auction sale of horses and negroes, and saw a negro woman and boy bid off for three hundred and twenty-five dollars.

At last New Orleans was reached. Within two weeks sixty subscribers were secured, so that the traveller felt justified in taking the steamer to New York. A letter to his brother David, written soon after his return, told of his plans:

"By the first opportunity, I will transmit a trifle to our old father, whose existence, so far from being forgotten, is as dear to me as my own. But, David, an ambition of being distinguished in the literary world has required sacrifices and exertions from me with which you are unacquainted; and a wish to reach the glorious rock of independence, that I might from thence assist my relatives, who are struggling with and buffeting the billows of adversity, has engaged me in an undertaking more laborious and extensive than you are aware of, and has occupied almost every moment of my time for several years. Since February, 1810, I have slept, for several weeks, in the wilderness alone, in an Indian country, with my gun and my pistol in my bosom, and have found myself so reduced by sickness as to be scarcely able to stand. . . . I have by resolution surmounted all these and other obstacles in my way to my object, and now begin to feel the blue sky of independence open around me."

One by one the volumes of the "Ornithology" came from the press. Fame increased. In 1812 Wilson was elected a member of the American Philosophical Society. In 1813 he went on what proved to be his last expedition, in search of materials for the eighth volume. The exertion of the journey proved too much for him, and he became very ill. While recovering, he was attracted by a rare bird of which he had long been in search. "In a moment he flew from his seat, ran out and commenced the chase, followed his game, swam across a river over which it had flown, fired at and killed it, and bore it back in triumph."

But the triumph was secured at cost of his life; in a few hours he passed away, as a result of cold caught during the exposure. August 23, 1813, was the day of his death. He was buried in the cemetery of the Old Swedes' Church in Philadelphia. He had his wish, long before expressed, that his body might lie where the birds would sing over his grave.

The funeral was one of the most remarkable ever seen in Philadelphia. "The whole city paid a noble tribute to his memory. The clergy of all denominations, lawyers, physicians, educators, city officials and members of literary societies walked in procession. . . . The Scottish weaver had laid the American public under a debt of gratitude by his achievements, and they recognized the obligation."

Thus the naturalist, after years of toil and struggle, came into his own. He had achieved the aim of his life, which he thus outlined in the preface to one of his volumes:

"If I should have succeeded in inducing our youth to become more intimately acquainted with the feathered creation, and thus have multiplied their virtuous enjoyments, and rendered them more humane to those little choristers, how gratifying to my heart would be the reflection! For to me it appears that, of all the inferior creations, heaven intended birds as the most cheerful associates of man, to soothe and exhilarate him in his labours by their varied melody, of which no other creature but man is capable . . . and to be to him the most endearing example of the tenderest connubial love and parental affection."

Statesmen

XXIII

From the Tow-Path to the White House

The Triumphs of James A. Garfield

WHEN Abram Garfield, the father of James A. Garfield, the twentieth president of the United States, was married to Eliza Ballou, he took his bride to a one-room log cabin near Cleveland, Ohio. The window openings were covered with oiled paper. There was no furniture but several three-legged stools, a table whose top was simply a section of a tree hewn flat, and a bed made of poles and slabs.

During the next ten years the young people prospered so that they were able to move to a larger cabin, which is thus described by a biographer of President Garfield: "It was twenty by thirty feet, made of unhewn logs, notched and laid one upon another, in what boys call the 'cob-house' style, to the height of twelve feet or more in front and eight feet or more on the back side. The chimney was constructed of wood and mud, rising from the roof like a pyramid, smallest at the top. The roof was covered with slabs held in place by long weight-poles. The floor was made of logs, each split into two parts and laid flat side up. There was a loft above, to which the family ascended by a sort of permanent ladder in one corner. The children slept on straw beds on the floor of the loft." In this house James A. Garfield was born on November 19, 1831.

Eighteen months later, heated and exhausted while conquering a forest fire that threatened his home, the pioneer father caught a severe cold. With the words to his wife, "I have planted four saplings in these woods; I must now leave them to your care," he died.

Neighbours urged Mrs. Garfield to sell the farm and go to her relatives. Although she was in debt, and had no property but the farm, and could expect no help from the children for some years, she bravely determined to remain in the home which her husband had made for her. Twenty acres were sold, all debts were paid, and the brave mother, supported by her trust in God, determined to make the fight to keep a roof over the heads of her family.

The first crops were put in with the assistance of ten-year-old Thomas and his sister Mehetabel, two years his senior. In the intervals of ploughing and cultivating Mrs. Garfield split rails and completed the fencing begun by her husband. Before midsummer the supply of corn was so low that she allowed herself but one meal a day in order that the children might have their three meals regularly until the new crop was harvested.

James attended his first school when he was four years old. He was too young to walk, so was carried on the back of his sturdy sister. Later, when a log school was built on a corner of the farm, he was able to go by himself. For several years study was the largest interest in his life, but when he was eight his plea for a share in the work on the farm was heeded. There was special need for his services then, as Thomas sometimes hired out to neighbouring farmers. Four years more and the burden of the farm rested on the shoulders of James, for Thomas went to Michigan to clear a section of forest. The boy arranged with a neighbour to work for him in exchange for the use of a yoke of oxen. At first the neighbour was a little dubious about the plan, but when he found that the twelve-year-old boy was nearly as capable as a man, he was glad to have his help.

In Michigan Thomas saved his wages carefully for six months. On his return he announced that he had money enough to build a comfortable little frame house on the home farm. The seventy-five dollars in gold which he earned he proudly handed to his mother. A Cleveland carpenter was engaged, and a five-room house was built, the small sum being sufficient for the plainest sort of house. Thomas and James gladly assisted in the work. James, indeed, became so proficient that, when work on the farm was slack, the carpenter was glad to give him odd jobs in his shop. The initial task, planing boards at one cent each, brought him one dollar the very first day. When the winter's schooling was over, the carpenter asked for his assistance in building a neighbour's barn. The wages were fifty cents a day, and when the barn was completed he was able to take twenty dollars to his mother. In the fall he helped build a second barn, and earned fifteen dollars more. The carpenter was glad to have his services because he was not satisfied with doing his day's work in the easiest way possible; he was determined to learn how to frame a barn, and so studied plans at night after the day's work was over. Before he was fifteen he had the chance to put to practical use the knowledge thus acquired, for he was engaged as assistant in the building of three more barns. He was also in demand as a day-labourer for the neighbours.

Ten miles from the farm was a "potashery," a crude manufactory where potash was made from wood ashes. James spent a few days helping with a shed needed there. The proprietor was so pleased with him that he urged him to become a "blacksalter," as the workers in potash, or black salts, were called, promising him fourteen dollars a month and board. A part of the time he was busy keeping the accounts and as salesman, but there were frequently many hours of the day when he was in the thick of the dirty, unpleasant work of the blacksalters themselves. They were rough men, but he was unharmed by the association, though some of the men profited by their contact with him. He remained, to the great satisfaction of his employer, till the slighting remark of a member of the household, to the effect that he was only a hired servant, determined him to look for other work. His biographer says that years afterwards, when he had become a man, he said: "That girl's cutting remark proved a great blessing to me. I was too much annoyed by it to sleep that night; I lay awake under the rafters of that old farmhouse, and vowed again and again that I would be somebody; that the time should come when that girl would not call me a 'hired servant.'"

The next step was taken when he hired out to his uncle as a wood-chopper. One hundred cords were cut in fifty days—unusually good work even for a man—and the fifty dollars thus earned, less the amount paid for board, was carried to his mother. Four months more as a farmer's helper enabled him to add nearly as much to the home exchequer.

A desire to see the world led him, with his mother's reluctant consent, to seek an opportunity to ship as a sailor on a Lake Erie schooner. Failing here, he arranged to go as mule-driver of a canal boat bound for Pittsburg with copper ore. At the end of the first trip he was promoted to the position of bankman. The captain had found that the green hand was not only a good worker, but that his influence improved the morals of the men and prevented some of the disgraceful fights so characteristic of canal life.

Several times James nearly lost his life by falling into the canal. William M. Thayer has given this description—based on the narration of the captain of the boat—of what threatened to be a serious disaster: "It was on a very rainy night. The boat was leaving one of those long reaches of slack water which abound in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal. James was awakened out of a sound sleep, and he responded with his eyes half open, and took his stand upon the platform below the bow deck. He began to uncoil a rope to steady the boat through a lock it was approaching. The rope caught somehow on the edge of the deck and resisted several pulls that he made to extricate it. At last it yielded, but in the rebound sent him headlong over the bow into the water. In the meantime the boat was sweeping on, and no mortal knew of his mishap. Death seemed inevitable. Fortunately his hand seized the rope in the darkness, and he drew himself hand over hand upon deck. He saw that he had been saved by a miracle. The rope would have been of no service to him, but it caught in a crevice on the edge of the deck and held fast."

This was the second turning-point in the life of the pioneer boy. Realizing his narrow escape, he said to himself, "God thinks my life is worth saving, and I ought not to throw it away on a seafaring life, and I won't. I will renounce all such ideas and get an education."

To his mother he explained his new purpose when he went home. She was gratified, and urged him to remember that whatever he made of himself God had the first claim to his love and service.

A severe attack of ague, brought on by his life on the canal, delayed the carrying out of new plans, but it was not long until he decided to enter Geauga Seminary at Chester, Ohio, in order to prepare himself to teach school. A physician from a neighbouring town, whom he consulted about the practicability of his plan, later described him thus: "He was rather shabbily clad in coarse satinet trousers far outgrown and reaching only half-way down the tops of his cowhide boots, a waistcoat much too short and a threadbare coat whose sleeves went only a little below the elbows. Surmounting the whole was a coarse slouched hat much the worse for wear." Of the result of his examination of his visitor, he later said: "At the end of a fifteen minutes' careful examination, I said, 'Go on, follow the leadings of your ambition. You have the brain of a Webster, and you have the physical proportions that will back you in the most herculean efforts. All you need to do is to work. Work hard, do not be afraid of overwork, and you will make your mark.'"

With fifteen dollars in his pocket given him by his mother from the funds he had himself brought to her, James started for Geauga Seminary, travelling on foot, laden with cooking utensils and provisions. With two cousins he set up housekeeping in a bare room. His meagre funds were eked out by his earnings as a carpenter before school and after school each day and on Saturdays. In this way he paid all expenses and finished the twelve weeks' term with several dollars in his pocket. Work during the summer enabled him to buy clothes and pay his doctor's bill of the preceding year. For four weeks he boarded himself at a cost of thirty-one cents a week, but decided to increase the amount to fifty cents in order that he might have a few luxuries! Labour in the carpenter shop kept him in funds sufficient to end the fall term without debt.

That winter he taught a school where, for two seasons, the master had been driven out by unruly boys. Though only seventeen years old, he proved himself master in every sense, and the year was voted by all a decided success.

Thus three years were spent alternately in teaching and in being taught. In the third year he united with the church, and was known from that time as an active, earnest Christian. His friends and associates thought he would surely become a minister, but he was not ready to determine the question. Yet he did make up his mind that, whatever calling he chose, he would strive to be a useful Christian man.

At nineteen he went to the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, Ohio, proposing to prepare for college. The first year he paid his expenses by janitor work —rising at five o'clock to ring the first bell—and carpentering. The second year he was made assistant in English and the ancient languages. Sometimes he conducted services for the pastor of the local Disciples' church. His third year was made especially noteworthy by his engagement to one of his pupils, Lucretia Rudolph.

After completing in three years a course ordinarily requiring twice the time, he entered as junior at Williams College. It was his design to earn his expense money as he studied, but his brother Thomas insisted on lending him five hundred dollars, that he might get the full benefit of the brief two years. The offer was accepted, the student insuring his life to secure the lender. But financial reverses prevented the full carrying out of the proposal, and James found it necessary to go to work. One of his schemes for raising money was the teaching of penmanship in his vacations. Yet he was not even tempted when he was invited to leave college and become principal of a school at Troy, New York. He gave two reasons for declining the offer: he must graduate, and he had promised to return to Hiram as a teacher.

The promise was fulfilled. After graduating at the head of his class, he became teacher of ancient languages and literature at eight hundred dollars a year. Soon he became principal. A little later, urged by his friends, he became the youngest member of the Ohio state senate. Entering the army in 1861, in a few months he became the youngest brigadier-general in the service. Then came the commission as a major-general and the election to Congress.

After eighteen years in Congress he was chosen United States senator. Before taking his seat, however, he was nominated for the presidency when he had not been named as candidate. Thus he carried out to the last his purpose of never seeking an office, "except that of janitor of Hiram Institute," as he once said with a twinkle in his eye.

He had been president four months when, the victim of a crazy assassin, he began the two months' fight for life that attracted the attention of the world and "elevated the American people by his Christian fortitude and perfect submission," as one editor expressed it. He died on September 19, 1881, not yet fifty years old.

President Hopkins of Williams College said of him in 1864: "A rise so rapid in both civil and military life is perhaps without example in the country," and added, "He made himself a man." Among all the tributes of praise spoken after his death, there was none more full of meaning than those five words.

XXIV

Fighting the Battles of the Common People

The Victories of David Lloyd-George

IN the home of a humble minister in Wales, more than fifty years ago, a young woman received the thorough training that later enabled her to shape the lives of her children after her husband's death. One of these children, then only two years old, was destined to become one of the most prominent English statesmen of the early years of the twentieth century. David Lloyd-George was his name.

The mother had no thought of fame for her boy, as she went with him to one of those Welsh villages with an unpronounceable name—Llannystumdwy. There the boy secured his first taste of school life, and learned to love life in the open air. He soon found that he must curb his desire to wander in the fields and woods. He could not snare a rabbit or trap a pheasant or lure a fish from the shady pool, or even take a plunge on a midsummer morning in "the old swimming-hole." He was poor and these privileges belonged to the rich. Probably there were many occasions when he asked to know why he could not do these things. Always he was told that those who owned the broad acres of forest and stream had the right to these pleasures, and that they were very jealous of them, employing men whom they called keepers for the very purpose of keeping intruding boys and men away from their lands.

Some of David's acquaintances ventured to go where the keepers watched. Many a rabbit or bird did he see them bring from the forbidden places, but never once did he trespass, except to go for nuts and wild fruit. He must often have thought, however, how pleasant it would be to have more freedom when he left the streets of the village.

He kept his thoughts to himself. Those older than he were not so quiet, however; and it was an almost daily occurrence to hear the men of the village talk of the oppression of the rich. They would gather in the evening in the shop of David's uncle, the shoemaker, which was to the Welsh village what the country store is to the American crossroads settlement, the forum where all questions, political, social, and religious, are thoroughly discussed. Of course, there was much truth in the criticisms which David heard, but there must have been much error also. He listened to it all, however, true or false; and, even as a child, he burned with a desire to avenge the wrongs of the poor people. When he was older, his views were modified by what he learned in the world. Then he put away the memory of the unjust criticisms of the shoe-shop days, but he has always been influenced by what seemed the truth at the basis of the complaints—the fact that the landowners of Great Britain are not bearing their fair share of the burdens of government.

David was ambitious. He was not satisfied with the meagre knowledge he was able to secure from the village schoolmaster. Fortunately for him, his uncle not only was a lover of books, but had some leisure time to indulge his taste. So, when David expressed a desire to learn French, the humble uncle forthwith procured a dictionary, and set about learning the language that he might be the lad's teacher. Succeeding in a way in this, he was not satisfied till he was securing good books, reading them himself, and guiding the nephews and nieces in getting the most out of them. No haphazard, hasty reading would satisfy this hardy Welshman; David early learned that it was not a light task to read as his uncle desired that he should.

Soon the pupil became as eager as his teacher for the best books and the best that was in them. He was particularly impressed by Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," which he read and reread, finding in its messages a corrective for many erroneous opinions he had formed as he thought on life's problems.

But his reading was not without a purpose. He wanted to be a lawyer. He was so dead in earnest in his desire that, at fourteen years of age, he felt that he might attempt the preliminary examinations. He made the attempt and succeeded. Two years more he remained at school and under his teacher's guidance; then he left school, and for two years read, with a view to his future work. In his twentieth year he went into the office of a solicitor in a town near by. By this first experience in a law office he not only learned some of the things it is impossible to get hold of from books, but finished preparation for his final examinations. Soon after this he was permitted to begin practice.

For some time, his life in Portmadoc, where he began to practice, was uneventful. True to his training, he was the champion of the poor people against the rich when he felt that the cause of the poor was right; but he was unwilling to lend his influence to any case when he felt that he was not on the side of justice.

He was only twenty-seven when the opportunity came to become the Liberal Party's candidate for the House of Commons, the people's chamber of Parliament; the House of Lords, of which men become members, not by the votes of the people, but by right of birth, being the other chamber. To use the English phrase for candidating for his office, he "stood in the Liberal interest for the Carnarvon Borough." His opponent was a Tory, or Conservative, the 'Squire of Llannystumdwy, the village where he had spent his boyhood, the owner of the lands from which, as a boy, he had been excluded by the keepers.

It requires patriotism to stand for the House of Commons. David Lloyd-George was a struggling lawyer, the position he sought carried no salary with it, and the expenses of "contesting the seat," to use another English phrase, would be large. But he did not hesitate, for he felt that duty was calling him.

The election that followed an exciting campaign was very close, but the country lawyer won the seat from the 'squire by a margin of eighteen votes.

In England, as in America, a newcomer in the popular house of the lawmakers cannot usually hope to become prominent very soon; but David Lloyd-George was not an ordinary man. He did not push himself to the front, but when he saw work that he could do and that no one else would do, he was ready for it. When he spoke for the first time, those who were present realized that here was a man who would be heard from.

And he was heard from. As W. T. Stead, then editor of the English *Review of Reviews*, said of him: "The South African war brought him prominently to the front. He was the only Liberal member who dared to stand up to Mr. Chamberlain. (Mr. Chamberlain, the prime minister, was in favour of pushing the war, but Lloyd-George stood up for the rights of the Boers.) Party passion raged very high at that time, and Lloyd-George was made the victim of personal violence. One infuriated 'patriot,' meeting him in the streets of Bangor, felled him to the ground by a blow on the head. The bludgeon was heavy, and the pro-

Boer was knocked senseless. It was a foul blow, but like everything else that is done to injure Lloyd-George, it redounds to his advantage. A year or two later a determined attempt was made to kill him in Birmingham."

When the Boer war was over, he made a hard fight against a proposed act which he feared would be a great help to the Established Church of England. Being from Wales, a country which does not believe in a state church, he threw himself with all his might against what he felt would be an infringement of the rights of the common people. The act was defeated and, according to English custom, the prime minister and all of his cabinet resigned. This required that there should be a general election, when the candidates would fight out at the polls the question on which the ministry had been defeated. Lloyd-George's party was successful, and so, again, according to custom, King Edward asked Campbell-Bannerman to form a new ministry. Lloyd-George, as one of the leaders in the opposition to the old government, was asked to enter the new cabinet as president of the board of trade.

Students of public affairs had come to expect great things of the Welsh member, and they waited to see him show his power. But they were disappointed, at least for a time. They began to feel that he was the one failure in the cabinet. The cabinet minister, however, was only taking his bearings and learning how he could do his work best. Three or four months after the opening of his term of office, people began to realize that a man of force was in power. His wise handling of vital problems won for him the approval of his friends and the respect of his enemies. When he was advanced to the more important post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, he opposed the building for the navy of more vessels of the dreadnaught type, and further pleased the advocates of international peace by declaring for the expenditure of a definite proportion of the army and navy budget for the promotion of peace among nations.

Then came the opportunity on which he seized in such a way that he has become famous. National expenditures were increasing so rapidly that the country was confronted with an enormous deficit. The year's expenses were estimated at £164,152,000, the new system of old age pensions for every poor man and woman in the kingdom being responsible for much of the increase over the estimates of previous years. The receipts, it was estimated, would be £15,762,000 short. What was to be done?

Some insisted that the answer was simple; all taxes should be increased by twelve per cent., or sugar should pay a large proportion, or all manufactured goods brought into the country from abroad should pay heavy duties. But the man from Wales realized that any of these ways out of the difficulty would increase the burdens of the poor, while adding little to the payments of the rich, who, he felt, were not paying anything like their fair proportion of the expenses of the government. His mind must have gone back to his boyhood days when he heard the visitors in his uncle's shop talk of the inequality of the laws which gave to the landowners such great privileges, and shut out the poor from many of the joys of life. He was well balanced enough to realize that, while there was some truth in the complaints of the common people, there was also much error. So, putting away the error, he retained the truth, and resolved to do what he could to change conditions.

How could he bring about a change? He thought of taxing automobiles, of increasing the tax on incomes over a certain amount, on legacies, on liquor, and on tobacco. This was all well enough, but something more was necessary. There was the land, which was, most of it, in the hands of rich men, who lived luxuriously on their rents, and were growing more wealthy by reason of the rapid increase in the value of the lands. Why not compel them to pay to the government one-fifth of the increase in value? Would this not be just? Here, for instance, was a duke who owned a property for which the tenants had been paying one hundred pounds a year for ninety-nine years. When the new lease was made, it was agreed that they should pay three thousand pounds a year, in addition to a cash payment of fifty thousand pounds. Would it not be just to ask such a man to pay to the Crown a part of the large increase?

And why not provide for a revaluing of all the land in the kingdom, for the purpose of requiring that one-fifth of all increase be paid to the government?

There was great opposition to this plan in the cabinet, but Lloyd-George succeeded in carrying his colleagues with him, and it was decided to include all his proposals in the new budget which was to be submitted to Parliament for approval.

If the House of Commons should approve the measure, it would become a law during the life of that Parliament. If the lords should not disapprove it, it would become a law until repealed. It was, however, an unwritten law that the House of Lords should leave all matters of taxation to the House of Commons.

The House of Commons did agree to the measure, but the House of Lords, after long discussion, decided to put in a protest. The lords, who were nearly all of them owners of large estates, felt that the new taxes would be a little too hard on them. Some of the members, led by the archbishops of the Church of England, Lord Curzon, and several others, were in favour of the budget. But it was finally decided, by a large majority, to withhold consent to the budget until the people were given a chance to say at the polls what they thought about the matter. To send the question to the polls, all that was necessary was to refuse to approve the budget proposed by the ministry. This would force the ministry to resign, for a ministry remains in power only so long as important measures proposed by it are agreed to by Parliament. Of course the ministry resigned, Parliament was prorogued, and a new election was ordered.[1]

In this way the question was put to the people: "What do you think of the budget? If you like it, elect a House of Commons which will insist on the new law; the House of Lords will have to agree to it another time, for they have said that they will abide by the desires of the people."

There was great excitement in England when, on November 30, 1909, it became known that the Lords had rejected the budget. Excitement increased day by day as the brief campaign of the candidates for a new House of Commons was carried on. It was realized that Great Britain was facing the most important crisis of a century. A few weeks would tell if Englishmen were determined to govern themselves or were willing to be governed by the House of Lords, which is a relic of feudal days.

The brief campaign was soon over. A large majority of members in favour of the budget was returned to the House of Commons. Thus the people gave their verdict, and the Lords were compelled to bow to the expressed will of the nation. Never again will the House of Lords have its old-time power in national affairs.

Everywhere there was great admiration for the determined little man from Wales who fought for the rights of the common people,—already heavily taxed,—against the landowners who declared in favour of large increases in taxation, but who said that these increased burdens should be laid upon the backs of the poor, and not upon their own broad shoulders. In recognition of his splendid services he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. But many who had watched his rise to power declared he would some day have a place of far greater responsibility.

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[1] Members of the House of Commons hold office for seven years, unless Parliament is prorogued before this time.

XXV

The Evolution of America's Greatest Orator

The Story of Daniel Webster

INHERITING the spirit of his pioneer ancestors who had learned how to wrest a living from the rocky hills of New Hampshire, the boy who became the greatest orator America has yet produced was born January 18, 1782. "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin," he said when he was a man; "but my elder brother and sisters were born in a log cabin, and raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

From the first the boy Daniel was considered a weakling. Friends said he would not live. His devoted father and mother spared no effort to help him grow strong and well. While others worked, Daniel was permitted to roam in the woods and by the streams.

Even when he was fourteen years old his father would not insist on making him work when he did not feel equal to it. Once his father asked him to return home from a neighbouring school to help him in the hay-field. Daniel was working alone, and found it very dull, so he called his sister, and they went on a berrying expedition. The next morning Daniel saw his extra clothes tied up in a bundle. He took the hint, and went back to school.

At first he was sent to school near home. One of his early experiences there was the recitation of Bible verses in competition for a prize offered by the master to the pupil who could give the most; Daniel recited until stopped by the cry, "Enough!"

From another master, who kept a store, he bought a handkerchief on which the Constitution of the United States was printed; the articles were carefully read until they were his own. Probably that purchase was the first step in directing his life to the service of his country.

Reading was a great delight to him. Passing teamsters who watered their horses near his home liked to stop under the trees to hear him as he read the Bible to them. Books were scarce, and those he found were read until he knew the contents thoroughly, much of it word for word. Small circulating libraries near his home and, later, in a town where he was at school gave him an opportunity to study the work of such authors as Addison, Pope, Watts and Cervantes.

It was the dream of Ezekiel Webster, Daniel's father, to give to his children the education which had been denied him. For years this was only a dream, but when Daniel was nine years old there was a turn in Mr. Webster's fortunes, for he was made judge of the local court. The salary was three or four hundred dollars a year. What would not such a vast sum do! Mr. and Mrs. Webster talked of the disposition of it, and determined that they could plan to send Daniel to school. Several years later the boy was told of his parents' purpose. One hot July day they were working together in the hay-field when a stranger paused and talked to them. When he went on his way, Mr. Webster said:

"My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here. . . . I now live but for my children. I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do so for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities, learn, learn, and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

In a few months Daniel was sent to the academy at Exeter. At first he was not well received by his mates on account of his appearance, but it was not long till he won his way to a position of leadership. Other obstacles were in his path. Of one of these he himself told: "I could not speak before the school. . . . Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again, and yet, when the day came, when my name was called, and all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. . . . When the occasion was over, I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification."

But he would not give up. He persisted in his attempts till he finally overcame his timidity, and was able not only to speak what he had learned, but also to think upon his feet. This ease did not come all at once; it was not till he was in college that he felt even reasonably at home before an audience. Perhaps his study of Cicero at the home of a tutor, where he went to complete his preparation for college, had as much as anything else to do with his final success. Of Cicero's orations he declared that he conceived a pleasure in the study of them which made application a joy. "With what vehemence did I denounce Catiline!" he said.

At college he soon became known as the best debater and orator. As an extemporaneous speaker he was considered a marvel, but, as is usually the case, ease in extemporaneous utterance was acquired only at cost of severe toil. "He was accustomed," said one of his classmates, as quoted by George Ticknor Curtis, "to arrange his thoughts in his mind, in his room or his private walks, and to put them upon paper just before the exercise was called for. When he was required to speak at two o'clock, he would frequently begin to write after dinner, and, when the bell rang, he would fold his paper, put it in his pocket and go in, and speak with great ease."

His method of study and reading was just as painstaking. "Many other students," he said, "read more than I did and knew more than I did. But so much as I read I made my own. When a half hour or an hour, at most, had elapsed, I closed my book and thought over what I had read. If there was anything peculiarly interesting or striking in the passage, I endeavoured to recall it, and lay it up in my memory. . . . Then if, in debate or conversation afterwards, any subject came up on which I had read something, I could talk very easily so far as I had read, and then I was very careful to stop."

All this time the college student for whom loving parents were sacrificing daily was thinking of his brother Ezekiel. The two had always been chums. Ezekiel had ever shown himself ready to do what he could for his brother's happiness. The nearness of this boyhood comradeship is well illustrated by two incidents, said by some to be apocryphal, but worth telling because they might well have happened. Once Daniel was asked what he was doing. "Nothing," was the reply. Ezekiel was then asked the same question. "Helping Daniel," he answered. On another occasion the boys went to a fair; to each was given a small sum to spend. "What did you do with your money?" Mrs. Webster asked Daniel on his return. "Spent it," he said. "And what did you do with yours, Ezekiel?" "Lent it to Daniel."

Daniel longed to see Ezekiel secure an education. It had been decided when Daniel went to school that Ezekiel was to be his father's right-hand man at home. Mr. Webster was becoming old; his health was poor; there were two sisters at home with their parents, and their income was very small. But large-hearted Daniel thought he could see the way to help not only his brother but also the family at home. So to his father he told his hope that Ezekiel, who, he declared, was as capable as he, should be given a chance. Then he said he would teach school, so as to relieve the home pocketbook. Mr. Webster, generous as ever, said that he was willing to spend everything he was worth for his boys, but the decision did not rest with him alone; the mother and the sisters must be consulted. Then there were family councils. Finally, at the family altar, the decision was made.

Soon after Ezekiel began his studies at the academy, he wrote to Daniel of his discouragements; he was sure he could not succeed. But the younger brother, who would never own that Ezekiel was his inferior, wrote to him: "In the future say in your letters to me, 'I am superior to you in natural endowments; I will know more in one year than you do now, and in six than you ever will,' . . . but be assured, as mighty as you are, your great puissance shall never insure you a victory without a contest."

Daniel's words proved a spur to the backward brother. He became a lawyer of some note in his own state, and was growing in power when he died suddenly, at the age of forty-nine, while making an address in court.

But before the day of pleas in court there were rough roads for both boys. During Daniel's junior year he edited *The Dartmouth Gazette*, and so earned his board. That winter he taught school and paid his brother's final bills for his college preparation. "This was the beginning of that remarkable struggle, which lasted for several years, and through which these brothers mutually aided each other by turns, until both had acquired the profession of their choice," wrote Mr. Curtis. Mr. Webster, referring to those days, often spoke of how his brother and he, having, so to speak, but one horse between them, "rode and tied" (the New England expression meaning that they alternately rode and walked).

At first Ezekiel rode and Daniel walked. After his graduation, he paused in his professional studies, begun in a law office near home, and took charge of an academy at Fryeburg, in what is now the state of Maine. "He purchased a horse for twenty-five dollars, and with his wardrobe and such books as he could carry in his saddle-bags, made his way across the country." That his salary might be saved for Ezekiel, he secured work as a copyist of deeds. "Of a long winter evening I could copy two deeds, and that was half a dollar," he said in telling of that winter. "Four evenings in a week earned two dollars, and two dollars paid my board. . . . The ache is not yet out of my fingers, for nothing has ever been so laborious to me as writing, when under the necessity of writing a good hand."

But aches and sacrifices alike were soon forgotten because of the joy thus described by young Webster: "In May, 1802, I took my quarter's salary, mounted a horse, went straight over all the hills to Hanover, and had the pleasure of putting these, the first earnings of my life, into my brother's hand for his college expenses."

The day came when Ezekiel and Daniel walked together. It became necessary for the older brother to teach school, to relieve the financial situation at home. Daniel, then in the office of a country lawyer, longed to go to Boston, but he did not see his way to keep himself in the city, until Ezekiel wrote him that in his Boston school there was need of a man to teach Latin and Greek an hour and a half a day, and offered to pay his board in return for his services. Daniel accepted promptly, sought the office of a leader at the bar and secured a clerkship. This was a magnificent opening for one who knew how to take advantage of it.

But a temptation came in 1804 when he was offered the clerkship of his father's court at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. His father, who notified him of the appointment, seemed to take it for granted that he would accept. Acceptance would mean present ease and comfort for himself and for the entire family. To his surprise, his employer urged him to decline. "Go on and finish your studies," he said. "You are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty. Live on no man's favour. What bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence. Pursue your profession, make yourself useful to your friends, and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear."

"Here was present comfort, competency and, I may even say, riches, as I then viewed things, all ready to be enjoyed, and I was called upon to reject them for the uncertain and distant prospect of success," Webster said, when looking back at the period. But he did reject the opening. In less than twenty years he was famous, and earning twenty thousand dollars a year—a large income for his day.

Filial affection made the giving up of the clerkship a difficult matter. Webster borrowed three hundred dollars, and went to the old home where he paid some pressing bills which were worrying his parents. This revealed both his thoughtful affection and that carelessness of financial obligations for which he soon became known. He was always borrowing, and was always in straits for money. Time and again his friends took subscriptions for him and gave him temporary relief, but he died a bankrupt.

Admitted to the bar, he returned home and began practicing in his father's court. From the first he attracted attention. A lawyer then famous said of him, "He broke upon me like a thunder-shower in July, sudden, portentous, sweeping all before it."

His home town could not hold him. His purpose in going there at all was indicated by this statement from his pen, written after his father's death in 1806:

"I neither left him nor forsook him. My opening an office in Boscawen was that I might be near him."

When Ezekiel was admitted to the bar, the home practice and the care of the mother and sisters were given over to him, while Daniel assumed his father's debts and removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he was married in 1808. In 1813 his service in Congress began. Those who proposed to keep him from prominence because he was a newcomer were compelled to give way before the force of his personality and his oratory. Very soon he became famous. In Congress and in court his words were listened to with delight by his friends and with fear by his opponents.

There were those who said that his ease in speaking showed lack of preparation; that everything "came easy" to him. Some of his greatest speeches were made without immediate preparation, but, as Lodge says, "They really had the preparation of years and were the utterance of thoughts which had been garnered up by long meditation."

Some of his hearers have left a record of their impressions. When he closed his famous Dartmouth College oration before the Supreme Court, "the court room during these two or three minutes presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall and gaunt figure bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheek expanded with emotion, and his eyes suffused with tears . . . while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench, to catch each look and every movement of the speaker's face." Of the Plymouth oration, another said: "Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the rush of blood. . . . When I came out I was almost afraid to come near him."

Every schoolboy recalls the ringing reply to Hayne, echoes of which are still heard all over the land. How much more heart would he put into the repetition of the words if the young speaker should stop to think of the author's many struggles to face an audience and to think on his feet before he became the master orator of his age—one of the most masterly of all time.

His public service was varied. As congressman, senator and secretary of state he proved a sagacious counsellor. Three times he was a candidate for president, but that office was denied him. This disappointment must have been in his mind when he said, in 1852, the year of his death, "I have given my life to law and politics. Law is uncertain and politics are utterly vain."

The mistakes and failures of later years cannot dim the fame of Daniel Webster. His friends wept over his failings, but they rejoiced in the privilege of calling friend the man of power, who came from obscurity, and won undying fame.

XXVI

A Maker of the New China

The Inspiring Record of Yung Wing's Life

YUNG WING was born November 17, 1828, at Nang Ping, China, near the Portuguese colony of Macao. There were three boys and a girl in the family, but he was the only one whose lot it was to attend a mission school.

He was seven years old when he was taken to the school. There he gazed in open-eyed astonishment at the first English woman he ever had seen. At first he was afraid of her, but soon he began to love her as a second mother.

However, in spite of the care of his teacher, he longed to return home. Once, in company with six girls, he stole away and took boat, intending to cross to his home. The party succeeded in getting half-way across the channel when their boatmen, seeing that they were pursued, rested on their oars until the pursuers came up. The seven were taken ignominiously to the schoolroom, where they were placed in a row, to Yung being given the central position. A tall fool's cap was placed on his head, while a large placard, bearing the inscription, "Head of the Runaways," was placed on his breast. His heart was full of bitterness at the time, but he lived to thank God that he had not been permitted to succeed in his effort to escape from those who were trying to lead him to a larger and better life. The time came when he rejoiced that his life was in the hands of "Him who has control of all our devising and planning."

For a time, beginning in his twelfth year, when his father died, Yung's services were needed at home. While his older brother fished and his sister helped with the housework, he hawked candy through his own village. "I took hold of the business in good earnest, rising at three o'clock every morning, and I did not come home until six o'clock in the evening," he has said in describing those days. "My daily earnings netted twenty-five cents, which I turned over to my mother, and with the help given by brother, who was the mainstay of the family, we managed to keep the wolf away from the door." In the spring he worked in the rice field, where he gleaned after the reapers. He thought sorrowfully of Ruth's success under similar circumstances, and was just regretting that he could not hope to find favour in the eyes of the farmer, when that man came to him in wonder, and asked him if it was true that he could speak English, at the same time promising him rich gleanings if he would speak some of the strange language, or "Red-hair Man talk," as he called it. The English words were spoken, and the reward was so great that Yung had to have help to carry it home.

After a season in a printing-office and a brief experience in a mission hospital, the way was opened to the Chinese boy to enter, in 1841, the mission school, opened in November, 1839, by Rev. Samuel Robbins Brown, and conducted under the direction of the "Morrison Education Society," formed in memory of Dr. Robert Morrison. Soon after Yung entered the school—in 1842—it was removed to Hongkong.

For four years longer Yung continued under the instruction of Dr. Brown. In 1846, when ill health compelled Dr. Brown to plan for return to America, he told the boys of the school he would like to take a few of his pupils with him to America. "When he requested those who wished to accompany him to the States to signify it by rising," Yung states, "I was the first one on my feet." Two other boys also volunteered. Their parents were consulted and, when consent was granted, arrangements were made for the trip to America.

Three merchants resident in Hongkong promised to bear the expenses of the three candidates for an American education, and agreed to support their parents during the two years' absence. New York merchants gave the trio a free passage to New York.

The boys were placed under the care of Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown—the mother of Dr. Brown—who will always be known as the author of the hymn, "I love to steal a while away." From her home they went to the Monson Academy, Monson, Mass.

Two years at the academy made Yung and his companion, Wong Foon (the third boy, Wong Shing, returned to China in 1848 because of ill health), eager to remain in America in order to take a college course. Their purpose having been made known to the Hongkong merchants who were bearing their expenses, the offer was made by these —two of whom were Scotchmen—to educate the boys at the University of Edinburgh. The offer was accepted by Wong Foon, but Yung determined to remain in America, even if he did have to make his own way. He felt that he could better secure the preparation he wanted for his life's work in America than abroad. "I did not allow the perplexities of the future to disturb my peace of mind," he writes. "I threw all my anxieties to the winds, trusting to a wise Providence to care for my future, as it had done for my past."

"It was an easy matter to talk about getting an education by working for it," Yung says in telling the story of his course at Yale, which began in 1850. "There is a kind of romance in it that captivates the imagination, but it is altogether a different thing to face it in a business and practical way. So it proved to me, after I had put my foot into it." He was offered ample scholarship aid from a fund provided for the purpose if he would sign a written pledge to study for the ministry and afterwards become a missionary. This pledge he felt he could not take. He was not sure that he could do the most good for his people by going to them as an ordained missionary. In fact, he was already making ambitious plans that could be carried out only by a layman. So he felt that such a pledge would have handicapped and circumscribed his usefulness. "I wanted the utmost freedom of action to avail myself of every opportunity to do the greatest good in China. If necessary, I might be obliged to create new conditions, if I found old ones were not favourable to any plan I might have for promoting her highest welfare. The calling of a missionary is not the only sphere in life where one can do the most good in China or elsewhere. In such a vast empire there can be hardly any limit put upon one's ambition to do good, if one is possessed of the Christ spirit; on the other hand, if one has not such a spirit, no pledge in the world could melt his ice-bound soul. . . . To be sure, I was poor, but I would not allow my poverty to gain the upper hand and compel me to barter away my inner conviction of duty for a temporary mess of pottage."

Just at this time a company of ladies in Savannah, Georgia, agreed to help the independent young man by sending him cash, clothing, and other necessaries. Thus encouraged, he entered college to his great surprise without conditions, as he had had but fifteen months of Latin, twelve months of Greek, and ten months of mathematics. Expenses were paid from a little prize money, from his pay as librarian for the "Brothers in Unity," one of the literary societies, and the gifts of friends. For more than two years he earned his board by acting as steward for a club of twenty men, doing all the marketing and serving at table. Often it was necessary to work until midnight and pass the days without taking exercise. Of course his health suffered, but he set his face like a flint and persevered.

At the close of his course he asked himself, "What am I going to do with my education?" Here is his answer: "I was determined that the rising generation of China should enjoy the same educational advantages that I had enjoyed; that through Western education China might be rejuvenated, become enlightened and powerful. To accomplish that object became the guiding star of my ambition. Towards such a goal I directed all my mental resources and energy. Through thick and thin, and the vicissitudes of a checkered life from 1854 to 1872, I laboured and waited for its consummation."

Very tenderly Yung tells of his meeting with his mother after the eight years' separation. She was proud to think that he was the first from his country to go through a first-class American college, and that he had won for himself the American equivalent of the Chinese degree Siu Tsai, or "Elegant Talent." But what gave her most pleasure was the statement of his purpose to make her happiness his first care, and his readiness to obey her as of old, for when she told him that he must shave his mustache, since his married brother had no mustache, and it was not fitting that the younger brother should thus take precedence of him, he did her bidding promptly and cheerfully.

Then began a period of "finding himself," and learning how to fit into the life of his own people in such a way that he might help them to a higher life.

He was successively private secretary to a diplomat at fifteen dollars a month, apprentice to an attorney—from whose office he was driven by the English attorneys of Hongkong—and employee of the custom house at one hundred dollars a month. This position he gave up because he saw that he could not remain among the bribe-taking custom-house men without running too much risk of becoming like them. He was offered an increase of salary to three thousand dollars a year if he would remain, but his mind was made up. Friends found fault with him for giving up such a splendid opening; they felt that his frequent changes did not promise well for his future. But "we are not called into being simply to drudge for an animal existence," he wrote. "I had had to work hard for my education, and I felt that I ought to make the most of what little I had, not so much to benefit myself individually as to make it a blessing common to my race. By these shifts and changes I was only trying to find my true bearing, and how I could make myself a blessing to China."

While he was clerk for a tea and silk merchant the first step was taken which brought him into prominence. He drew up a circular appealing for aid for those who were suffering because of the overflow of the Yellow River. More than twenty thousand dollars flowed into the relief treasury as a result. Of course, another result was the spread of the fame of the young Chinaman educated in America.

While making a tea-buying journey into the interior he came into contact with the leader of the Tai-ping rebellion. He studied the rebellion carefully, wondering if identification with it was to be the means of carrying out his project for China. When he was solicited to cast in his lot with the cause, he proposed to do so if he were allowed to help in carrying out seven propositions:

1. To organize an army on scientific principles.
2. To establish a military school for the training of competent military officers.
3. To establish a naval school for a navy.
4. To organize a civil government with able and experienced men to act as advisers in the different departments of administration.
5. To establish a banking system, and to determine on a standard of weights and measures.
6. To establish an educational system of graded schools for the people, making the Bible one of the text-books.
7. To organize a system of industrial schools.

When a study of the Tai-ping cause left him hopeless of the regeneration of China through the rebels, he began to think of making a big fortune as his first duty, "and as the first element in the successful carrying out of other plans for the future." For this purpose he undertook the hazardous task of securing and bringing to the coast an immense quantity of green tea in the possession of the Taiping rebels, who had taken it from the people. During six months he managed to remove sixty-five thousand boxes of tea, about one-tenth of the visible supply, when he was taken down by fever and ague of the worst type. Two months in bed gave him leisure to reflect that he could not afford to lose his health in a venture after money that might be useful in carrying out his purpose for China. Accordingly he gave up his work, and became a commission merchant.

Then came the first ray of hope. In 1863, Tsang Kwoh Fan, the viceroy of An Whui province, invited him to call on him. The viceroy let him know that he had learned of his dreams for China, and asked him what he thought would be the best thing for China at that time. Yung did not think it wise to broach his educational scheme, so he proposed that a machine shop be equipped "that would be able to create or reproduce other machine shops of the same character as itself; each and all of these should be able to turn out specific machinery for the manufacture of specific things." In a large country like China they would need many primary or fundamental machine shops, but after they had one (and a first-class one at that) they could make it the mother shop for reproducing others—perhaps better and more improved.

The proposal so pleased the viceroy that Yung was commissioned to go to America to make the necessary purchases to equip the "mother shop." Accordingly, the voyage to the United States was made in 1864. While the machinery was being made in Massachusetts, he went to Washington and offered his services as a volunteer for six months, as an evidence of loyalty and patriotism to the country that had done so much for him. General Barnes, to whom he offered himself, thanked him, but said that since he was engaged with a responsible trust to execute for the Chinese government, he had better return to Massachusetts.

On his return to China he was made a mandarin of the fifth rank in recognition of his work in carrying out his contract.

Soon after, he was successful in persuading Tsang Kwoh Fan to establish a mechanical school in which Chinese boys should be taught to care for the new machinery. This success encouraged him to propose to the government his great educational scheme. He would not, however, risk all by making simply one proposal that might be turned down. He felt it would be much better to accompany it with other proposals that would probably not be adopted, in the hope that the educational scheme would go through.

His first proposal was for a joint stock steamship company subsidized by the government, to be owned by Chinese only, and to be used for the transfer of rice from the interior to Peking.

The second proposition was for the government to send picked Chinese youths abroad to be thoroughly educated for the public service. The scheme contemplated the education of one hundred and twenty students as an experiment. These one hundred and twenty students were to be divided into four installments of thirty students each, one installment to be sent out each year. They were to have fifteen years to finish their education. Their average age was to be from twelve to fourteen years. If the first and second installments proved to be a success, the scheme was to be continued indefinitely. Chinese teachers were to be provided to keep up their knowledge of Chinese while in the United States. Over the whole enterprise two commissioners were to be appointed, and the government was to appropriate a certain percentage of the Shanghai customs to maintain the mission.

The third proposition looked to the development of China's mineral resources, and the ultimate building of railways.

The fourth proposition was to prohibit missionaries of any religion, sect, or denomination from exercising any kind of jurisdiction over their converts, in either civil or criminal cases.

To the surprise and joy of Yung, the four proposals were eventually adopted, and he was appointed one of the two commissioners in charge of the educational scheme. His associate, Chin Lan Pin, was to see that the students kept up their knowledge of Chinese while in America; while Yung was to look after their foreign education and to find suitable homes for them.

Before the first installment of thirty students started for America, Viceroy Tsang Kwoh Fan died, but not until he made the request that his successor, Li Hung Chang, carry on the work of the Chinese Educational Commission.

In 1872 the first thirty students were brought to America and distributed in New England families. In 1874 Li Hung Chang authorized the erection of a permanent building for the Educational Commission in Hartford, Connecticut. When this was occupied, Yung hoped that the movement would become a permanency. "That this was not God's disposal subsequent events plainly showed," he writes.

The full complement of one hundred and twenty students was brought to America before the efforts of certain conservatives in China were successful in cutting short the career of the mission. Chin Lan Pin was appointed minister at Washington. His place was taken by Woo Tsze Tung, a Confucianist, who declared to Peking authorities that the students were being mismanaged, that they were being gradually weaned from their own country, and that they were becoming Christians. The result of this and other misrepresentations was the recall of the entire student body in 1881, after the first thirty had enjoyed nine years of American training.

"Quite a number of the survivors of the one hundred students," Yung says, "have risen to high official ranks and positions of great trust and responsibility. The eyes of the government have been opened to see the grand mistakes it made in breaking up the mission and having the students recalled. Within only a few years it had the candour and magnanimity to confess that it wished it had more of just such men as had been turned out by the Chinese Educational Commission at Hartford. This confession, though coming too late, may be taken as a sure sign that China is really awakening, and is making the best of what few partially educated men are available. And these few Occidentally educated men have, in their turn, encouraged and stimulated both the government and the people. Since the memorable events of the China and Japan war, and the war between Japan and Russia, several hundreds of Japanese students have come over to the United States to be educated. Thus the Chinese educational scheme, which Tsang Kwoh Fan initiated in 1870 at Tientsin and established in Hartford in 1872, though held back for a period of twenty-five years, has been practically revived."

In 1881 Yung returned to China to give account of his stewardship as educational commissioner and assistant minister to the United States. Soon after his arrival he outlined a plan for the extinction of the opium traffic, anticipating by a quarter of a century the revolutionary plans adopted within the last two or three years. But he was told that it was then impossible to carry out the proposal.

During the next few years several other attempts were made to help China. A proposition was made to secure four foreigners who would direct leading departments of the government. When this failed, a national banking scheme was planned, modelled on that of the United States. At first this seemed to promise to be successful; but, most unexpectedly, reactionaries caused the defeat of the proposal.

In 1898 Yung was working with the Emperor Kwang Su to bring about reform, when the young emperor was deposed by the Dowager Empress An, and Yung, as well as other reformers, was compelled to flee for his life.

An exile from the country for which he had sought to give his life, Yung Wing eventually returned to America, where he made his home, his affections divided between his two boys and the country which has cast him off, his heart full of pain as he thought that he could have no further part in the rejuvenation of China, but full of joy as he saw how God is working out his purpose for that long-darkened land.

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